

Puck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 2, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



Copyright 1916, by Raphael Kirchner

Painted by Raphael Kirchner

THE HYPNOTIST



The Columbia Grafonola

"The Stage of the World"

YOU have the stage of the world in your home if you own a Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records.

A vaster company of greater artists than the greatest stage in the world possesses is at your direction every day, with a greater and infinitely more varied repertoire than any one stage ever presented.

Orchestral, operatic, instrumental music—sombre or joyous, classic or light; whatever you desire, whatever your mood, whichever great artist you want to hear—your wish is *reality*, as soon as expressed.

It is reality, nothing less; for "The Stage of the World" presents the *artists themselves* to you—in voice and playing, in temperament, in art and personality. "Hearing is Believing"—and you can *hear* today at the nearest Columbia dealer's.

New Columbia Records on sale on the 20th of every month.



Columbia Grafonola
Price \$200



10c. per Copy

\$5.00 per Year

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Copyright 1916 by Puck Publishing Corporation (Trade-Mark Registered in the United States and Great Britain.)

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK is published every Monday (dated the following Saturday) by the Puck Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York City; (Nathan Straus, Jr., President and Treasurer; Foster Gilroy, Secretary).

KARL SCHMIDT,
Editor.FOSTER GILROY,
General Manager.

The Pictorial History of America—

The first of the special supplements of Puck's History of America will appear in this issue. In it the truth is told and pictured as to how Columbus obtained the funds for his expedition which discovered America.

The series of pictures when complete will provide a unique record of the important events of American history told in their naked truth. To obtain materials for these series, we have been at great pains to tap every available source. The great expenses connected with this could not have been undertaken without the cooperation of our advertisers, to whom a word of acknowledgment and a debt of gratitude is due. We have been careful to select the most representative and reliable firms in every line of business to cooperate with us in bearing the expenses of the preparation of this history. How quickly and liberally they responded, how ready they were to aid in this true American work of supporting the truth is best attested by our advertising pages this month and will be further attested by our advertising pages in every one of the historical issues.

The second special supplement devoted to the pictorial history of America will appear in the issue of Puck dated October 7th, on all stands October 3d. In it will be pictured for the first time the true story of how Columbus obtained the nautical instruments and charts for his voyage, and a faithful picture, as nearly as it can be reproduced from contemporary records, of the first landing of a white man on the shores of the new world.

Upon Returning to the City—

The first thing to do is to notify your newsdealer that you are back home and that you want PUCK served to you every Monday. The chances are that during your absence from town he has cut down his order on all periodicals, and you will therefore have difficulty in securing PUCK promptly unless you instruct him to save a copy for you every week. Don't overlook this very necessary formality.

How About the Boys on the Border?

Are you sending Puck to any of them? Every letter that comes North from the Mexican border asks for reading matter, and when a soldier says reading matter he means a magazine just like Puck. No other type of periodical means so much to him as a real humorous weekly, over which he can indulge in a downright rib-tickling laugh. The coupon on this page makes it very easy to remember the friend down on the border. Simply write in his name, regiment and camp, pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it to Puck. It will prove the best dollar investment you ever made.

The contents of PUCK are fully protected by copyright, and must not be reproduced without permission.

PUCK IS MAILED to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months.

All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. PUCK will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss, nor can it be held responsible for MSS. remaining uncalled for after 30 days. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned. Puck is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co.; Bretanno's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basile, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.

His Lonely Vigil Along the Rio Grande—



—will be unburdened of many of its
cares if the thoughtful ones at home
will only send him

Puck

America's Cleverest Weekly

—Remember, there are long hours of
waiting and watching when a piece of
reading matter to make him smile and
laugh would prove a blessing. He can-
not buy magazines, because there are no
Newsstands.

—Send him PUCK for the next three
months. You couldn't spend a dollar
in any other way that would bring him
more enjoyment.

—Mail for soldiers is handled
carefully, expeditiously. He
will be sure to receive
PUCK regularly if you
use this coupon.

A dollar bill pinned to
this coupon, insures the
arrival of PUCK along the
Mexican Border every
Tuesday morning.

PUCK
210 Fifth Avenue, New York
For the enclosed \$1.00 kindly enclose the following name for
a Three Months Trial Subscription.

NAME

COMPANY AND REGIMENT

CAMP



JONES, (who left his glasses at the bath-house): "Ah, there, my dear! your new bathing outfit is very sweet and modest, but aren't you coming in?"

Man-Eaters and Fool-Killers

Man-eating sharks are blessings in disguise. At least, they have saved many more lives on our North Atlantic coasts this summer than they have sacrificed. Any beach guard can tell you the reason why, or you may see for yourself by picking up Monday morning's papers. Where are those long lists of the drowned that used to appall one's eyes after every week-end last summer? Gone — and the sharks may claim the credit. The bland idiots who insisted on swimming a quarter of a mile out to sea, now discreetly keep within the life-lines because they have a wholesome fear of having their legs chewed off if they venture too far from shore. A single Sunday's toll of deaths from cramps and exhaustion in the fool-killer days was higher, on the average, than the man-eaters have been able to score in three whole months.

Nervous Days for Sailors

In the way of nomenclature what could be more grimly appropriate to these neurotic times than the name selected by the Cunard company for an acquisition recently made from the Holland-America Line? The "Statendam" is to be rechristened the "Neuretania."

What could be more appropriate? Nothing short of "Neurasthenia." Meanwhile, the White Star Line can hold an option on the label "Neurotic."

How He Knew

AUTO DEALER: Do you know how many cars I've sold this week?

NEW CLERK: Seventeen.

AUTO DEALER: See here, have you been looking into the books?

NEW CLERK: No sir.

AUTO DEALER: Then how did you guess it exactly?

NEW CLERK: Because there have been just that many fellows looking for you this afternoon with blood in their eye.

MOTORIST: Is the law off on deer, now?

NATIVE: Stranger, all laws is all ways off on all subjects!

Five Famous PUCK Prints

Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.00, check or currency. Prints sold separately, at 25 cents each.



THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

by Lou Mayer



SAFETY FIRST!

by Rolf Armstrong



DELIBERATELY FRIENDLY

by Frederick Duncan



THE SERENADE

by B. Wennerberg



SOME BEARS!

by Rolf Armstrong

Five charming den pictures in full color, on heavy plate paper, size 11 x 14, sent to any address, carefully protected and all ready for framing for **\$1.00**

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 210 Fifth Ave., New York



GIRLS OF THE BEACHES

—Drawn by R. Van Buren



The porter of Hughes' private car has been reaping a harvest of coin by pressing the clothes of the other members of the party, but there is no evidence that his iron has yet touched the clothes of the candidate.

—Special train item.

"The Winning of the West."

Chicago has a barber shop in which each patron shaves himself. "He is assigned to a booth and in that booth is every essential to a good shave. After the shave is over, and to make the illusion perfect, the patron doubtless looks at his own hair and critically says to himself: "It's getting a bit thin on top. Hadn't you better buy yourself a bottle of this hair-tonic?"

Miss Jenny Atkatz, twenty-one, of 18 Columbia Street, bathed at Coney Island yesterday and couldn't find her clothes when she was ready to return home.

—Local news.

Tut! With fashions as they are, it is unlikely any one would have noted their absence.

A prominent American is weeping large, salty tears over the difference between American diplomats and the foreign-made article. "You meet the diplomat of a foreign nation," quoth he, "and you are amazed at his accomplishments." True; and one of his best tricks is his ability to get his country into, or nearly into, every war in sight. America, we fear, is in a bad way.

"Seeks substitute for hand," says an article in the London *Lancet*. Why not draw four cards?

With a vital election in sight, "practical politicians" may secure any number of floaters, cheap, by communicating with the warring nations of Europe. There are thousands of prisoners, with nothing especial to do, who would be glad of the chance to see America, and to earn a couple of dollars.

Hundreds of boys near here had a glorious water-melon feast when a fruit train was wrecked and \$1,000 worth of melons smashed.

—The news from Olean.

The local correspondent missed a marvelous opportunity. Why not wreck the fruit train to such an extent that the water from the water-melons causes a wash-out and ties up the road?

An announcement comes from the Border that "the Army needs magazines." Powder or piffle?

The Austrians have one thing to be thankful for, any way. After both of its flanks have been turned, an army hasn't any more flanks left.



—Drawn by William C. Morris

POLITICAL PIGS IN CLOVER The trick is to get the Peas in the G. O. P. enclosure.



—Drawn by R. O. Evans

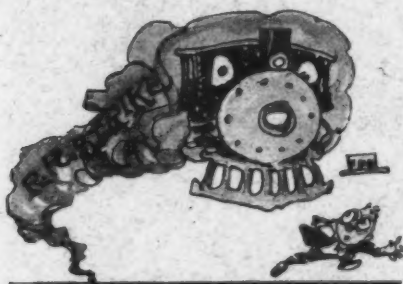
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Lord only knows, good sir," she said.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson



With no meat for dinner
The Germans grow thinner
At home — as their lines do abroad —
Which wakes speculations
That, 'spite his orations,
The Kaiser has quarreled with God.



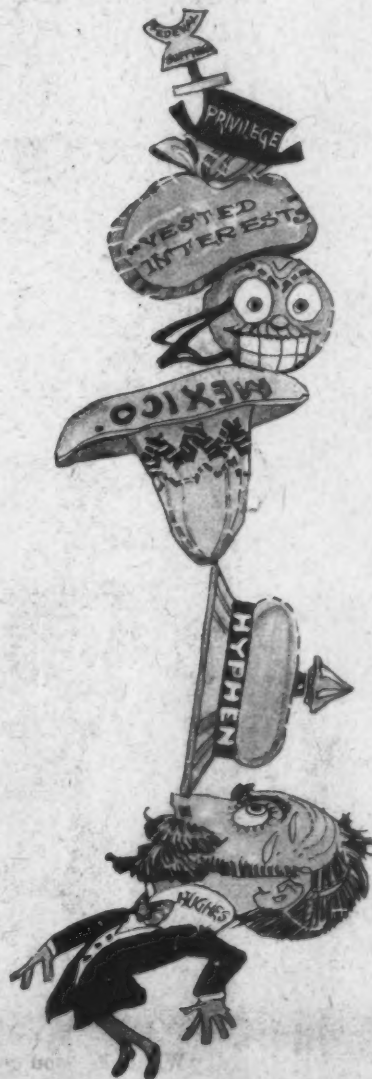
The trainmen have voted,
To strike, so we noted
When writing these lines for your eyes.
We hope 'twill be settled,
We'd really be nettled
If we had to walk on the ties.

Now gasoline's dropping,
But wheat rates are hopping
Aloft — and with woe we are rife;
The prospect's a glum one,
There always is someone
Who's taking the joy out of life.

There's milk, for example.
The price now is ample
But since the producers want more,
The milk trust — there's rumor —
Will soak the consumer
According to customs of yore.

The Austrians, being
So expert in fleeing
Are doing it daily with zest.
As scrappers and gunners
They're failures; as runners
They're fastest of any, by test.

For Russia, she chases
Them various places,
And Italy too, while they yelp
"Oh Germany, succor
Us now, ere we tucker, [help!]
We're breathless from sprinting, help,



From Denmark we're buying
Some islands outlying
Where Uncle Sam's navy may go.
The price? Very little,
A mere jot or tittle,
Just twenty-five millions or so.

The censors are fencing
In news, and incensing
The scribes on the Mexican line,
Which shows us, all rightie,
That pens aren't as mighty
As swords — not just now, we opine.

The G. O. P.'s playing
Diogenes, straying
With lantern to better its views;
But though it may go where
It will, it finds nowhere,
An issue for Hughes he can use.

More Zep bombs have hit on
The soil of Great Britain
And blown up some forts, Germans cry;
But Britons revile 'em,
"An orphan asylum
Is all that was hit," they reply.

Mt. Aetna is glowing
And flaming and flowing
With rivers of rock that run out.
We're sorry to hear it
For people who're near it
Will lava hot time, there's no doubt.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson

"I . . . strove hard for peace, even though war was inevitable"—Kaiser Wilhelm in interview



Vol. LXXX No. 2061



WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 2, 1916

"Neither of the old parties can longer be trusted to do the work so urgently needed by the country. . . . The best prospect for a liberated party exists in extending the revolt of the Progressives. . . ."

— Theodore Roosevelt in the Campaign of 1912

The Man of Words vs. The Man of Deeds

DAY by day Candidate Hughes is talking, talking, talking. While the man he attacks is working in Washington, the Judge keeps right on travelling and talking. And what does he say? Is he making the kind of clean, critical campaign to which his friends in both parties looked forward? Has he killed by a few straightforward words, the belief that he favors an embargo on the shipment of arms to Europe? Has he said anything in his many, many speeches to cut the ground from under those Teutons in our midst who, to their grief and ours, are American citizens? Has he done anything to dispel their delusion, if delusion it be, that he is for them just as they are for him?

HAS Candidate Hughes given the Administration, most fertile of any since the Civil War in constructive reform legislation, a jot of credit for its achievements? Has he outlined one specific piece of constructive legislation of his own, which he deems worthy to place on the statute-books alongside of the Wilson Income Tax Law, the Wilson Federal Reserve Act, the Wilson Underwood Tariff, the Wilson Rural Credits Act and the Wilson laws for military and naval preparedness? Even his friends admit that he has not. Even his friends admit that his campaign is a cheap bid for temporary popularity based on slang phrases, hand-shakings and pandering to popular whims. Even his friends admit that his speeches are an unreasoning condemnation of the Administration, in generalities unbacked by any but the feeblest facts, facts that are best characterized as unimportant, if true. Even his friends are beginning to ask themselves how the campaign of the much-vaunted, independent, intellectual and impassioned Supreme Court Justice differs from the campaign that Penrose or Smoot or Barnes would have made if one of them had been the nominee.

What Some Men Will Do for Money

FOUR times Charles Stielow stood with his foot on the threshold of the death house at Sing Sing. As many times, the courts mercifully granted him a stay of execution, the last time because another man confessed to the crime for which Stielow had been condemned to death.

The whole outrageous story now leaks out. Stielow's sentence was the result of a "confession" wrung from him after hours of browbeating by a private "detective," who participated in a reward of \$6,000 offered by Orleans County, New York. Stielow cannot read, and the "confession" was obtained from him by the most damnable trickery ever practiced upon an illiterate. Not only was he deceived as to the purport of the paper he signed, but it was shoved before his bewildered eyes at a moment when reason had all but deserted him.

The "third degree" is a piece of police brutality in which incompetency seeks refuge by forcing convictions. When practiced, however, by a private agency licensed by the state to ply a miserable trade, in an endeavor to collect rewards offered for the apprehension of criminals, it transcends anything short of Russia.

There is a simple manner of doing away with the relic of the Inquisition: the judiciary should order "confessions" of this nature stricken from the record. The only other recourse is for jurymen to decline to consider police evidence, and especially the evidence of the private "detective," unless substantiated at every step by competent disinterested testimony.

That the detective in the case still persists in trying to make his conviction stick, probably because he cannot return the \$6,000, is a monstrous travesty upon justice, and should be summarily dealt with by the district attorney's office.

For Governor—Mr. Justice Seabury

SELDOM has a gubernatorial nominee of either party in New York State received so marked a degree of approbation from all shades of political belief, as Justice Seabury, who will go to the primaries as the choice of the Democrats of the Empire State.

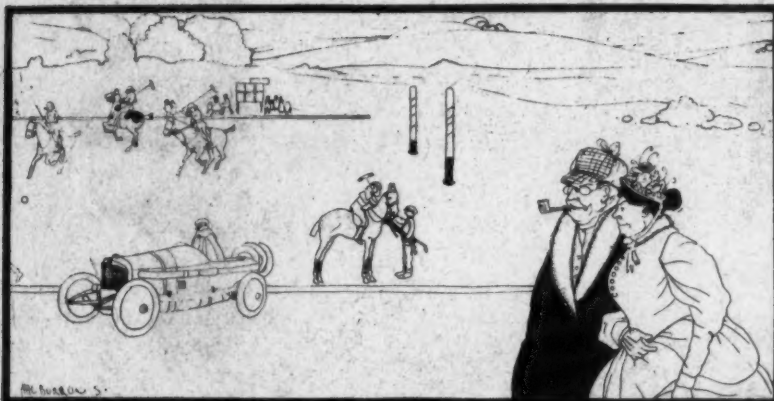
Justice Seabury has filled a place upon the Supreme Bench of his state with a degree of dignity, impartiality and sagacity which bespeaks a man of the highest ideals. He is distinctively the choice of the better element of his party, and it is a marked point in his favor that Murphy accepted him only when he realized that the Democratic Convention would waste no time over the usual peck measure of small potatoes who are accustomed to take their place before state conventions in the hope of receiving a few crumbs from the political board after the loaf has been apportioned.

In no sense can Justice Seabury's choice be designated as a political one. He has earned the right to the governorship through years of devotion to the public welfare.



— Drawn by Ray Rohn

VERY YOUNG HUSBAND (gamely): "W—well, two can live as cheaply as one."



— Drawn by Hal Burrows

OLD LADY: "You'd think those young men could find an old field somewhere, instead of gallopin' all over that nice lawn!"



— Drawn by Calvert

FEMININE "ROCKET": "I'm sorry I frightened your horse!"

OLD SETTLER: "Well, be gosh, you're right. I thought it was your auto!"

The railroad men nearly went on strike because they were supposed to work more than eight hours at a stretch, it being pretty difficult for the Erie to swap crews in the middle of the run from New York to Paterson.

A Welcome Decision

A New York judge recently ruled that biting the top from beer bottles and going to the corner saloon dressed in his wife's kimona were not proofs of a man's insanity. This is a step in the right direction. The tendency in modern life has been to produce men whose actions under given conditions shall be uniform, even though false. Men who attend card-parties are expected to hold their hats in their left hands on departing, shake hands gracefully with the hostess and, bowing slightly, observe in well-modulated tones: "We have had a delightful time!" Suppose that instead of acting in such a manner, a man should jam his hat down over his ears, stick out his tongue at his hostess, and shout in coarse, penetrating tones: "Thank goodness this is over! You're a painted old social parasite, and the people that you collected for your party are nothing but an aggregation of brainless nincompoops!" Instantly all the persons within hearing would jump to the conclusion that nobody would say such a thing unless he were crazy. They would tell everybody whom they met that the poor man was insane. After he died, they would gladly go to court and assist in the breaking of his will by testifying to his unbalanced actions. In reality the man may have merely been weary of social pretense, and may have suddenly decided to say what he felt. Just so with the man who went to the corner saloon attired in his wife's kimona. He was probably weary of his stodgy old suspenders and his baggy-kneed trousers, and wanted to give his bar-acquaintances a good laugh. Individual action should be encouraged instead of viewed as a sign of insanity; for it helps to make the world less cut-and-dried.

In one of the new plays on Broadway every character but one is a crook, and it is estimated that the play will run all season. If the author had not made the mistake of putting an honest person in the cast it is thought that the play would be good for a season and a half.

Life is just one strike after another. Thank heaven, there isn't a Hen's Sisterhood!

Judging by the rate at which the Allies are annihilating them, the German army seems to have more lines than a five-act play.

The Rule

"Do you play golf?"

"No; but I've watched it lots of times."

"What is the secret of the game?"

"Keep your eye on the ball and profanity on your tongue all the time."

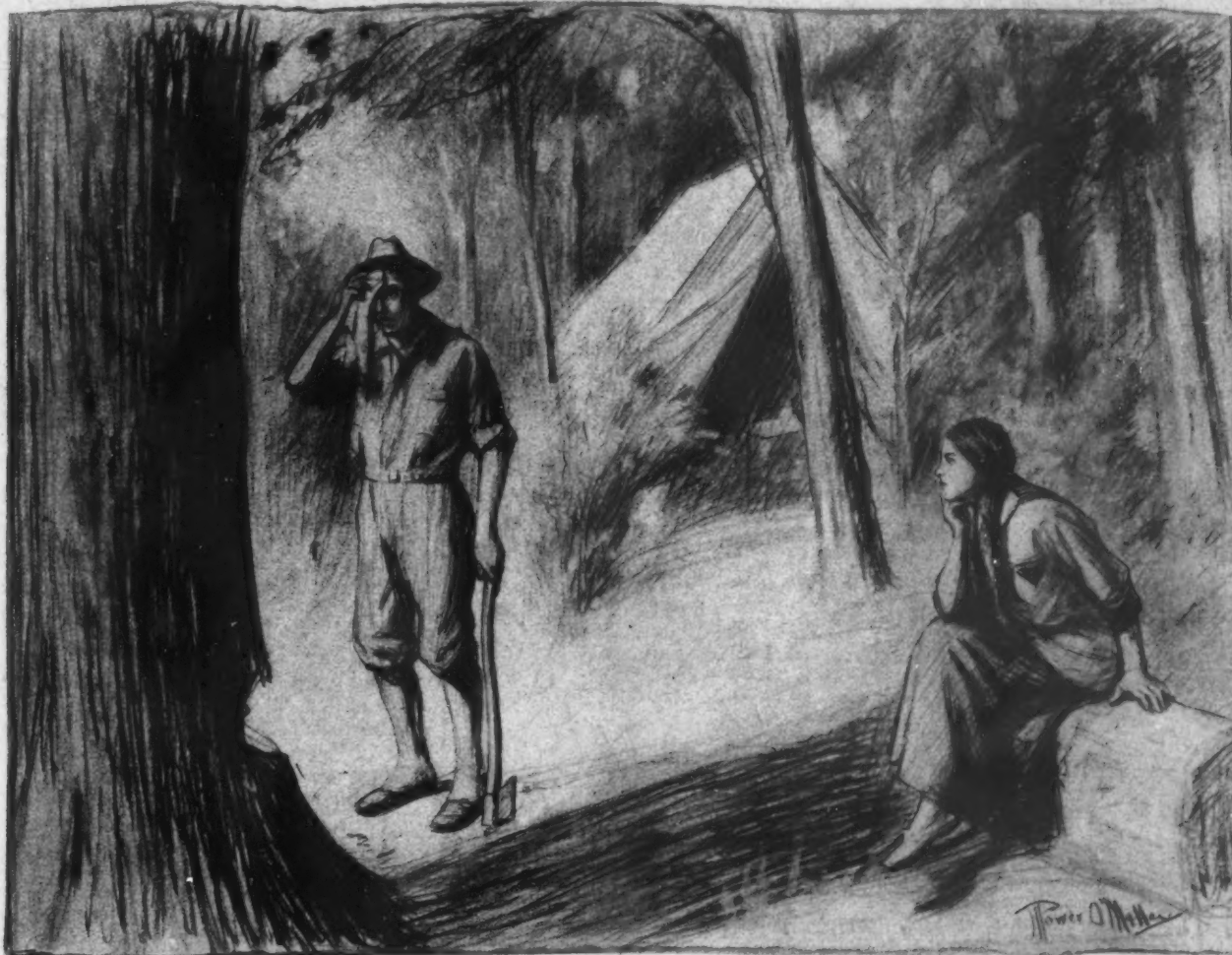
Our notion of a perfect newspaper is one that leaves "kin" out of the headlines.

The French on the Somme were awakened in the middle of the night for a surprise attack. Sommenambulists?

Employer of Child Labor

A little Mary, John or Jim
A source of profit was to him
And nothing more.

It is hard to pity those who are in hell, for they have had such a good time getting there.



— Drawn by Power O'Malley

THE BRIDE'S FIRST DOUBT

The cartoons indicate that the laboring man is in the right in a majority of the threatened strikes. Seemingly Labor's wage is so small that he can't afford anything but a paper hat.

"So she married the man whom her parents picked out for her?"

"Yes; after driving him to drink, and chorus girls, by six refusals!"

JONES: Do you use liquor?

MENDICANT: Oh, no, Sir.

JONES: I'm sorry! My wife's coming home tomorrow, and I wanted to give away a few quarts, that I haven't used!

The curriculum at Columbia now includes a course in salesmanship. Gosh! The salesmen are expert enough; what is needed is a course in how to escape them.



WIFE: "John, you'll have to take that ball away from baby; he hit sister on the head with it."

JOHN: "Yes, dear—but you should have seen the curve the little cuss had on it."

AGENT: And another good point about this car! We won't allow you to trade it in for a more expensive one!

WIFE: But I cannot be always at home—there are my social duties!

HUSBAND: Oh, I don't object to those; but you're always at home when I am!

OBNOXIOUS SUITOR: Angling, eh? And have you caught a fish yet?

DOLLY: Only one—and he looked so much like you, that I threw him back!

"After the War—What?" flames forth a Sunday paper. Our guess is peace.

O wad some power the giftie gie us to be ourselves as our mothers see us.

The Seven Arts by James Huneker



High Art at the Calomel Club

You may remember that some time ago I told you how I became a member of the Calomel Club. I am still a member of this club, entirely composed of critics. That it is exclusive it is not necessary to add, and since the club rose as a man to refuse union with the Amalgamated Order of Free Barbers, the spirit of the organization has been mightily boosted. In a word, we are "It" in Clubland, and propose to remain such, so there will be no fusion with labor-unions, unless I mistake the temper of my fellow-members. Just to give you an idea of our brilliancy, our versatility, our talents, our wit, I'll tell you about our authors' actors' dramatists' composers' night that we recently enjoyed. To be sure, there was considerable drinking, much disputing, but take it all in all the evening proved agreeable. I was taunted because of my taste for diseased poets, scorbutic-minded painters and composers with atrophied morals, also as to my affection for comedies with a heroine who dies of dropsy on the brain brought about by playing Chopin on a harp. However — sponge it over! It must have been 1.30 A. M. before I reached the club. The windows were barred and the building looked like a tomb; a sign something was going on. We resent police interference. As I went up the steps I discerned ahead of me the broad shoulders of Kaustic, the dramatic critic. Things were sure to be lively. Inside every room was jammed. To the left of me I heard the recent wrestling matches discussed. Behind me a man spoke softly of Cimabue's remote art and wondered audibly if there was any organic connection between the Chant Royal and the Ballade. Talk about aesthetics! Politics, religion, and the war were not mentioned; a club rule never broken under penalty of immediate expulsion. There was a slight dispute in an adjoining room over the relative merits of Degas and Puvis de Chavannes. Blows were almost struck, but Kaustic intervened and as he is a powerful brute order soon was restored. Absurd, the Calomel Club, but stimulating. Just then the Cathedral chimes sounded and we all went upstairs to supper.

Supper and After

It was a good supper. Plenty to drink and smoke with conversation on every permitted topic ranging from Buddha to Brahms, incidentally touching on Ibsen, oyster crabs, Richard Strauss, and gumbo soup. By 3 o'clock there wasn't a bad tempered man in the house — no idle boast in a critics' club. Then I noticed the absence of Jetsam, Flotsam, Philkins, Slumpkins, and a half dozen other fellows. What's up? Kaustic suddenly arose, his white mane tossed about and in his eye a thirsty look. "Order, gentlemen, order!" After five minutes yelling the foregathered clans came to order. "I will propose no toasts," said Kaustic, his forehead wet with rage, "when we drink we drink to ourselves; the motto of our club is Selfhood. I am asked by this evening's entertainment committee to beg your indulgence. Some of our fellow musical dramatic critical blacklegs and burglars have concocted a little show and your attention

is kindly solicited." Kaustic sat down to a roar of voices and glass clinking. Without any preliminary bell a curtain at the lower end of the supper room parted and disclosed a neat little stage. Slumpkins in evening dress advanced to the footlights and in his insinuating voice began. "Ladies and" — cries of "Liar! Come off! Go home!" were heard. "I beg your — you — pardon," stammered Slumpkins and blushing added: "Fellow bandits." "Yah! ah! now you've got it," shouted Kaustic. Deprecatingly Slumpkins put up his archepiscopal hands and continued: "I wish to say a few words to you on the subjects of my investigations as to the physical effect of music on the Irish and the lower animals." I quickly grabbed Kaustic before he could fling a bottle at the unhappy head of Slumpkins. Kaustic is Irish, you know. "Again I beg your pardon" twittered the lecturer, "but the fact is that the Irish being the most impressionable people in the world, I fancied they would make the best subject but —" cries of "Go on!" "I am no Lombroso as yet, but I have here a tabulated account of the effect of music on a group of Irish laborers at the aqueduct. I played for them Chopin, Debussy, Irving Berlin, also Wagner. Here are a few notes:

Philabeg McBrougall, native of Ireland, County Clare, age 31 or perhaps 45 — he was not sure — sober, industrious, married. The first study of Chopin was played and at the close, after waking him up, I asked how he felt. "Like a mixed ale party" he said in a drowsy voice. This was not satisfactory, and I tried Debussy on Dennis Shea, aged 19, profession laborer, native of Ireland, county Antrim. He struck me twice during the performance and otherwise exhibited marked mental perturbation. "He should have killed you" interrupted Kaustic. Our musical contingent was interested. The dramatic gang slept. Slumpkins went on: "The most singular case was that of William O'Shaughnessy, aged 31, hod-carrier by profession, native of Ireland, county Tipperary," — at the sound of that magic name the entire crowd was up on its hind legs howling the tune and cheering the Irish. The lecturer calmly resumed: "To him I played the great A minor fugue by Bach and when I finished I said 'Now, my man, of what did I make you think?' He seemed uneasy and after some squirming replied: 'Well, to tell the truth I thought your honor must be a first class pickpocket.' Now gentleman, you see that music affects differently people hailing from the same country. My experiments with a Brahms Sonata on a weasel prove to me that the other lower animals —" He got no further. This time I couldn't hold Kaustic who was on the stage in a jiffy and hammering his man as hard as he could: "Compare the Irish with the lower animals, will you!" We pulled Slumpkins from under and sent him home in a taxi. Yet, we are fond of Kaustic. He is a trifle too patriotic, that's all (not to speak of his fondness for a high-ball.)

Well, about 4.30 a. m. after a solemn injunction to be quite silent as a curious

The Voices

(Continued on page 34)

The Rockers

Some of us go for a rest,
And some for a change of air;
And some people go
To the country to show
Whole slathers of things to wear;
Some people go for the zest
Of chumming with chickens and stock;
But Oh, Oh, Oh,
What a lot of 'em go
Just to sit on the porch and rock—
And KNOCK!
Just to sit on the porch and knock.

The rockers are comfy and wide;
They move 'em around with the sun;
They sit in the shade,
Each matron and maid,
And nobody's safe, not one.
'Tis useless to dodge or to hide,
Or otherwise lessen the shock;
They'll tear you apart
With their gossip art,
As they sit on the porch and rock—
And KNOCK!
As they sit on the porch and knock.

Each boarder's affairs they know;
And they think it's "a shame" and "queer."
They all have a way
Of spouting "they say,"
That is very unpleasant to hear;
Their chairs are arranged in a row
Like spiles at the end of a dock;
By night and by day,
They pounce on their prey,
As they sit on the porch and rock—
And KNOCK!
As they sit on the porch and knock.

A. H. F.

publican Party stands for progress, for social justice, and for prosperity for all, not for a privileged few. I make this statement to you, firm in the conviction that I speak the truth."

BOSTON, MASS. — Senator Murray Crane is confined to his home here with a cracked lip. Both the senator's lips were badly chapped some time ago, but they had almost healed when, last evening, he picked up a newspaper. Something in the public prints must have caused Senator Crane to smile broadly, for the next instant he gave voice to an exclamation of annoyance and clapped a handkerchief to his mouth. His family looked, but could find nothing funny in the paper.



Drawn by W. C. Morris

"—But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor thing had none"

A Chapter of Accidents

DOG CITY, MONTANA. — Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate for President, made a stirring address here to-day. His principal subject was "Pork."

"I pledge myself, if elected," said he, "to root out this iniquitous institution at Washington and to prevent the vast expenditure of public money for private advantage and private profit. The Pork Barrel must and shall be destroyed!"

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Senator Penrose was the victim of an odd accident here this evening. He was reading something in a newspaper, and all of a sudden he burst out laughing and split his sides. Aid was summoned, and at a late hour he was resting as comfortably as his bandaged condition would permit.

FROZEN STEER, OREGON. — Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate for President, thrilled his audience here to-day with a speech on the progressive tendencies of the times.

"We are facing forward, not backward," he declared. "The rising, not the setting, sun is our guide. The Re-

LOST TRAIL, WASH. — Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate for President, roused an audience here to intense enthusiasm to-day. He pledged himself, if elected, to put an end to what is known as "invisible government."

"The square deal, with all the cards on the table," said he, "will be the Republican party's policy for the next four years. There will be no star-chamber proceedings, no pussy-footing behind closed doors, no secret bargaining in committee-rooms. All will be open and above-board. This I promise you."

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. — Senator Reed Smoot dislocated his jaw at his home near here last night. His family found him in a pitiful plight in his library; he was seated in his easy chair with his mouth wide open and absolutely unable to close it. A surgeon was summoned who, after some effort, restored the jaw bones to their rightful position, and the senator to his equanimity.

"I was laughing at something I read in the paper," said Senator Smoot by way of explanation.



— Drawn by Harriet M. Olcott

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN UTAH

Hint to child labor states — Take care of the children and the parents will take care of themselves.

WIFE: (of young country clergyman): And you told the committee that you could not live on such a pittance?

YOUNG MINISTER: Yes — and they told me to put my trust in God! The idea of telling a clergyman to do that!

"I hear that you-all's girl, Mary, has done gone to New York for a visit," said one Arkansas farmer to another.

"You heard correct," drawled the second farmer. "She left last week. Ever since she quit school at Fayetteville that girl's been crazy in the head to go to New York. Me and her maw don't understand why she wanted to go to New York; she don't know nobody there."

In inviting an automobilist to a party, don't say that you are going to give a blow-out.

When the wolf is at the door, it is hardly worth while to send down word that you are not in.

"Are you living in the suburbs?"

"No. I am living on the trains with the suburbs merely at one end of my daily trips."



— Drawn by P. D. Johnson

FARMER: "You can't miss the glen; just follow all those spoony couples you see through this path."

Dreams—by Raphael Kirchner



Copyright 1916 by Raphael Kirchner

V—THE LITTLE GIRL WHO BREAKS HER DOLLS

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

PART II

"HAVE we forgotten anything?" asked Mrs. Brown of Mr. Brown, as they hurried, in a nervous, frightened way through the soft gray-blue mist of the Summer morning, making for the railroad station.

Paul Brown thought for a moment.

"I don't think we have forgotten a solitary thing," he said.

It would have been strange if they had. For one week they had done nothing but plan the details of their elopement. They had thought it all out, just as if it had been a novel of which they were to be the hero and heroine. For one year, one happy, free, irresponsible year, they were to drop out of their own private little world of respectability and dullness into that great outside world where things "happen" to people. For that year they had made every provision that could suggest itself to two youthful imaginations, stimulated by a diet of twenty-five and fifty-cent novels. Like the two little shy, secretive squirrels that they were, they planned with a forethought that would have astonished people better skilled in the ways of the world. They had neglected nothing to insure absolute freedom and absolute privacy for twelve good months. They had left no clue to their destination; for their destination was to be determined by chance. They were prepared for all possible contingencies which might call for the use of money, for Paul had picked out half a dozen country banks, conveniently situated in the Middle and New England States, in each of which he had made a deposit in the name of an imaginary Mr. Parkins, to be drawn against by an imaginary son of the imaginary Mr. Parkins, an invalid traveling for his health, for whom Paul had constructed a very natural-looking signature. And if, by chance the daily papers got hold of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Brown, the young Philadelphia millionaire, and his wife, there would be nothing to connect that sensation with the appearance of a gentleman calling himself Mr. Parkins, at the counter of the Lonetown and Stray Corners Bank, for the purpose of drawing a draft to meet his traveling expenses.

Yes, it was all very well thought out, and nothing had been forgotten; but after they had passed through the old town, with its comfortable whitewashed houses, all asleep, except for the just-opening morning-glories, and, mounting the embankment on which the station stood, looked back at the red chimney of their own house, just topping the young trees, there was a queer little feeling at the two hearts of the Runaway Browns that they did not understand at all; but which any one who had ever had a home could have told them was the beginning of homesickness. You see, in a certain sense, they had forgotten something.

But, as the six o'clock train came up, they got on it, and it went choo-choo-ing off with

them, and they had no idea that what was troubling them internally was anything more than the natural result of starting off without breakfast.

They had procured tickets for the Junction, where the main line crossed their little branch road and led off into the great wide world. They reached the Junction at seven o'clock, and took their first taste of the fare of the adventurous. In a small, dark, dirty



"My dears," she said affably, "don't believe one word that that man Slingsby tells you."

eating-house, opposite the station, each of the Browns consumed two musty eggs, a slab of dead oatmeal and a saleratus-infected biscuit, and drank a cup of something which tasted brown and called itself coffee.

"Well, we ate it," said Paul, when they came out.

"Yes, dear," said Adèle; "and it seems to me that we ate a good deal of smell, too."

They bought no tickets at the Junction. They had decided to take the first train going north, and to pay their fare to the first station at which it would stop outside of the State. But the first train north did not seem to be in a hurry to come along; and so they walked up and down the platform and looked at the other people.

"Paul," said Adèle, suddenly, in a hurried whisper, "I think we've found them."

"Found whom, dear?" inquired her startled husband.

"The people things happen to," whispered Adèle.

She pointed to a group of nine persons huddled together at the extreme end of the platform. They certainly did look, not only

like people to whom things might happen, in general, but like people to whom something in particular had very recently happened — something in the nature of a moral earthquake, for instance. They all wore expressions of discontent and perplexity, except one, a tall, lank, active man with an enormous black moustache, who seemed to be talking to the other eight in an encouraging, hopeful, vehement sort of way which produced absolutely no impression upon any one of them. The tall man was the sort of man that one would naturally take — or avoid — for a particularly pushing specimen of lightning-rod agent or tree-peddler; but the personal appearance of his companions puzzled the Browns as much as it interested them. There were four ladies and four gentlemen. The gentlemen were all clean-shaven — so clean-shaven that their four chins were positively blue. They were a fat middle-aged man, a slim young man, a man who looked as if he might be thirty, and a long, gaunt man with an extremely prominent nose, set slightly askew in a face that was curiously crooked and yet curiously agreeable. No human being could have guessed this last man's age within ten years. Of the ladies, one was stout and mature; of the other three, two were comparatively and one positively young, and all decidedly good-looking. In fact, the youngest one, who wore her curly hair quite short, was a very pretty girl.

The clothes of these eight people were calculated to attract attention. They were both light and loud. In the matter of trousers the men were particularly unconventional, and the hats of the ladies astonished Adèle. But even had they worn the quietest of clothes, there was something about those people that, in a strange, indescribable way, set them apart from their fellow-creatures. It was not only the men's blue chins; it was not that the hair of all the four ladies had a singularly unlikelike appearance, like the tow wigs that dolls wear; nor was it even that they all had an odd dryness and dullness of complexion that made one think of wax fruit in certain stages of deterioration — it was not one of these things, it was not all of them; but it was something which seemed to express itself in their whole bearing and carriage, as if a curious sort of self-consciousness was coming out like a rash all over them.

"Did you ever see real actors off the stage?" asked Adèle, under her breath.

"No," said Paul; "but I should think those people must be actors. If they aren't, what else can they be?"

"We might walk up and down the platform," said Adèle, slipping her hand into Paul's arm.

They both of them felt a funny little thrill of half-guilty, half-delighted excitement. It was simply human nature. There is no human being born without the longing to "get behind the scenes"; to see the actor in his daily life: to know the real side of that queer world of unreality. Those who have been there generally are very willing to testify that the people who sit in front of the curtain get the most for their money, but nobody ever believes them.

Paul and Adèle walked to the end of the platform. There they found that the interesting strangers were standing in front of the

open door of the express office. Just outside of the door was a pile of trunks of unfamiliar design, several of which were marked in large letters: "Runyon's Dramatic Aggregation."

Adèle pressed Paul's arm.

"They are," she said.

confounded trunks, we'll start; and when we get to Tunkawanna, I'll blow you all off to the finest breakfast you ever had in your lives. See?"

Mr. Slingsby lifted from the platform a well-worn violin-case, and, opening it, he drew forth the instrument.



"Is it really scenery, Paul?" asked Adèle.

The man with the big moustache was still talking energetically.

"I tell you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it's all right. You know me, don't you?"

"Runyon," said the tall man with the crooked nose, who seemed to speak for the rest of the party, "we know you too blooming well. That's what's the matter."

The man with the crooked nose was undoubtedly an Englishman. He had a high, sing-song voice that was as odd as his face.

"Well, then," said Mr. Runyon, grasping him by the lapel of his coat, with eager friendliness, "if you know me, you know I've got out of worse holes than this."

"Maybe you 'ave, Runyon," said the man with the crooked nose; "maybe you 'ave not. We cast no aspersions on your managerial skill. But on this occasion, dear boy, you 'ave our ultipomatum. Breakfast, dear boy, breakfast! Or I 'ock my fiddle, and back goes the Aggregation to the metropolis."

"Now, look here, Slingsby," pleaded Mr. Runyon, earnestly, "be a rational man and control your stummick until we get to Tunkawanna. As soon as I get hold of these

"This has taken me 'ome before this," he said. "It takes this Aggregation 'ome now, unless you produce for the breakfast."

The Browns were walking back to the other end of the platform.

"Paul," said Adèle, in a shocked voice, "those people ought to have their breakfast. Think how *we* felt; and we only had to wait an hour."

"Yes, my dear," said Paul; "but I can't go and offer them breakfast, you know. It might wound their pride."

"No, dear," said Adèle; "but couldn't you go and offer to lend something to the — the man who has them in charge. I'm sure he's in a shocking position. Perhaps he's lost his pocket-book."

"Well," said Paul, rather dubiously, "I might go and see what's the matter."

"Go now," said Adèle, quickly. "See, he's left the others. I'm sure he's going to do something desperate."

Paul hurried off to Mr. Runyon, and caught him just as he was leaving the platform. A minute after that, Adèle noticed that Mr. Runyon had Paul by the lapel of

his coat and was talking to him as earnestly as he had been talking to Mr. Slingsby. After a few minutes, Paul came back to Adèle. His manner betrayed some excitement.

"It's a most outrageous case of persecution," said Paul. "This man Runyon has invested all the savings of his lifetime in taking his company out on a tour of the provinces."

"The provinces?" said Adèle. "What are the provinces?"

"Well," said Paul, doubtfully, "so far, they seem to be New Jersey. Anyway, that's what he said. And he paid a man in New York ten thousand dollars for a play — it's called 'A Perfect Pet' — and he had a partner who was going to put up half the money, and the partner's run away and left him in the lurch; and now he's got so far on his trip, and some brute of a hotel-keeper is suing him for some debts that his partner contracted when he was here once before; and the man's got a judgment on his trunks for \$37.15. And they had nothing but paper in the house last night."

"What does that mean?" asked Adèle.

"I don't know," said Paul; "but it must be something in the nature of notes. He didn't get any cash, anyway. And now he says the play is on the very verge of a great success, and they're certain to make a lot of money at Tunkawanna to-night, if he can only get his trunks and get there. He says that, of course, he could stay here and fight the lawsuit, and he can get plenty of money from New York, but that will take time; and if he misses his engagement to-night, his whole tour will be ruined and he'll lose all the money he has invested. I think he said he put \$39,000 into the play."

"Dear me!" said Adèle; "it's the meanest thing I ever heard of! Couldn't you go to the hotel-keeper and explain it to him?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do much good," said Paul; "but I could lend Mr. Runyon the money he needs to pay the judgment. I proposed that to him; of course, it was a very delicate matter — but he was very nice about it. He'll give me his note, of course. And then —"

"Well?" queried Adèle.

"Why, he says," continued Paul, "that it's a splendid opening for a partner."

"For a partner?" queried Adèle, in amazement.

"Yes," said Paul, with heightened color; "for a partner."

"But, Paul, dear," said Adèle, dubiously, "isn't it just like that other business you wanted to go into — fling? drumming? — What did you call it? How can you be an actor's partner, if you aren't an actor yourself?"

"But, my dear," said Paul, "he's not an actor, he's a manager; don't you see?"

"Yes," said Adèle, "but you aren't. How can you be partners with a manager?"

"Why," said Paul, "don't you understand? It's just like my business with the syndicate. I know all about my patents, and I put up that knowledge against their capital. Now this is a precisely similar case. This man knows all about the business of

(Continued on page 35)



EPISODE ELEVEN

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Cause and Effect

Mr. and Mrs. H. Walter Meyers, of Johnstown, announced the birth of a son on May 15, and at the same time told about their marriage at Somerset on August 29, 1915.

—*The Somerset (Pa.) Standard.*

Women Suspected?

The Penner store at Whitewater was robbed Sunday morning. Among the articles stolen were seventy-two pairs of pants.

—*The Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.*

Simple Soul

C. P. Thorp reported to the police that he drove his automobile against an unlighted pile of brick in front of 442 Crandall Avenue Tuesday night.

—*The Youngstown (O.) Telegram.*

Deliberate

Burglars carried off and robbed one of A. J. Davis' bee gums and also robbed his spring house Sunday night. They are pretty well satisfied who the burglars were, and think they will place their names in the hands of the proper authorities soon. We are very sorry such things will happen in our community.

—*The Cherokee (N. C.) Scout.*

It Pays to Advertise

E. B. Conn, of Bethlehem, Ind., recently papered Beech Grove church, which ads much to the church.

—*The Trimble (Ky.) Democrat.*

Far, Far from Broadway

Dan Gibson is not only an auctioneer, but is the husband of one of the greatest chicken raisers in this country.

—*The Maysville (Mo.) Herald.*

He Will Wed

Mr. M. F. Ward has tried all the old maids and says he can't have much luck, so now he is trying to fool the babies.

—*The Blevins (Ark.) News.*

A Bucolic Catastrophe

Mrs. Clifford Hooks, who resides near Bleidt, between the rivers, was badly hurt by being hooked by a vicious cow. She was at the home of a neighbor, Mrs. Birdsong, and in passing through the lot where the cow was was attacked by the cow. She was knocked down and sustained serious injuries, and had not Mrs. Birdsong been able to beat the cow away it is very probable that Mrs. Hooks would have been killed.

—*The Cadiz (Ky.) Record.*

And the National Guard is Right There

The Jerome volunteer fire department was called out at 10 o'clock this morning to extinguish a Mexican woman.

—*The Prescott (Ariz.) Journal-Miner.*

Man Wants Little

WANTED: To sell my property, or man and wife to live with me, or a pretty girl to marry me. Dr. Galloway.

—*The Henderson (Ky.) News.*

Are You Jealous?

Mr. P. G. Roberson has been seen of late going in the direction of Mr. J. R. Whitlow's. What does this mean Miss Daisy?

—*The Stuart (Va.) Enterprise.*

Pattie Gives A Treat

Miss Pattie Harbour delightfully entertained several of her young friends last Sunday afternoon. All enjoyed very much a treat on lemonade and apples.

—*The Stuart (Va.) Enterprise.*

One of Those Queer Fellows

The window front blew in and cut the day clerk on the forehead and one of the Sisseton ball players by the name of Kelly was severely cut from his foot to his elbow on his left arm.

—*The Oak (S. D.) Times.*

Clever Child

The little 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Field accidentally stepped her right foot on the spout of a sewing machine oil can. The chicken pox broke out next morning on the little girl Nadine. The oil can may be seen at this office.

—*The Rulo (Neb.) Alliance-Press*

Tender Hearts and Cabbages

Mrs. Allison has our sympathy in the loss of her cabbage patch, caused by water.

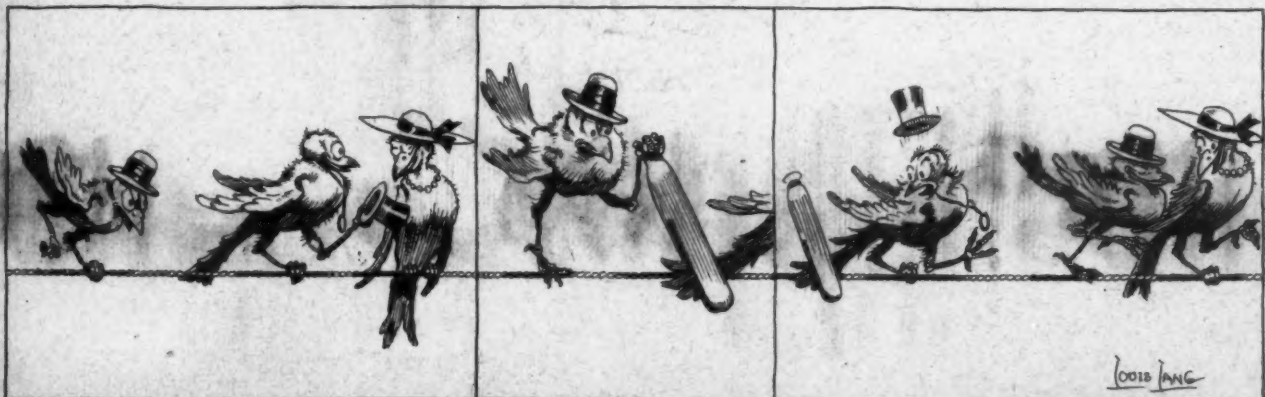
—*The Blytheville (Ark.) Courier.*

The Wicked City Person

Sister Margaret now has the rooms of her home on Oneida street occupied by good pleasant people with the exception of one suite of rooms which she is reserving for her brother, Dr. Patt, of New York.

—*The Rhinelander (Wis.) News.*

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Curses! My hated rival!"

But methinks

that will hold him for a while!"



The history of Libbey Cut Glass, dating from 1812, is contemporaneous with the era of greatest industrial development in America. During this period, the name of Libbey has become synonymous with the world's foremost productions in cut glass and engraved glassware, from the standpoint of brilliancy, depth of cutting and beauty of design.

Libbey
THE WORLD'S BEST

CUT GLASS

ENGRAVED GLASSWARE

This name is cut into every piece of Libbey glass. It identifies the *best*, frankly conceded to be so wherever cut glass and engraved glassware are known and admired.

*You will find Libbey Cut Glass at
the leading dealers in every city.*

THE LIBBEY GLASS COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO



Columbus, Finally Refused the Funds Necessary for His Voyage Discovery



Drawn by Will Crawford

"Equal and Exact Justice to All Men."



First Aids to Better Housekeeping

The everyday process of living is expanded and lightened of its disagreeable features by the thousands of little aids to better housekeeping that UNIVERSAL Home Needs furnish in every department of the home.

UNIVERSAL Home Needs

In the kitchen many short-cut methods are supplied by the Universal Food Chopper, Bread Maker, Mayonnaise Mixer and Coffee Percolator.

UNIVERSAL Cutlery is made in various styles and sizes for every possible cutting purpose. Many exclusive features may be found in this line.

With the aid of UNIVERSAL Electrical Appliances much of the cooking may be done at the table with less work and better results.

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles, Carafes, Etc., minister to your creature comforts and have many special uses which necessitate their presence in every home.

On Sale at all Good Stores Write for Free Booklet

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
99 Commercial Street
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



Of Whatever State or Persuasion - Thomas Jefferson.

The Patron of Columbus

Mark Twain was a humorist, yet he felt himself under no compulsion to be forever cracking jokes. On occasion he could grimly set himself to the business of battering a sham, or he could vividly and accurately report a piece of history. He found truth interesting. He was not afraid of naked facts. Like him, the little elf whose motto is "What Fools These Mortals Be" deals not always in frivolities. A good pilot was Twain, and Puck, following his charts, has made a business of battering shams, and is now going to take a turn at accurately reporting some events of history. Puck has given good men their meed of praise. Puck is not afraid to laugh, but neither is he afraid to be serious.

Upon the pedestals erected by historians, many an undeserving man goes down to posterity as a hero. But, one by one, the myths of history are being overthrown. History, in the most literal sense, is being rewritten. And in this good work Puck is going to take a hand.

Some of the discredited traditions did no one any harm and were amusing tales. Others, however, were positively vicious. They not only gave us a distorted view of important events, but sometimes robbed a great and good man of the honor which was his due. They snatched from the real hero the laurel which was his by right and placed it upon the brow of another who had no just claim to it.

There is the myth that in the year 1000 A.D., the people all expected an early end of the world, and the pious ones accordingly spent their days in fasting and their nights in praying, hoping that they might thus avert the dreaded end. This story is still taught as an important truth in many public schools and public school histories. Investigators, however, have discovered that it is a figment of the imagination of a monk who wrote, possibly some time in the thirteenth century, and who invented this entertaining story to embellish a chronicle he was writing. In the same way the tale of king Alfred and the cakes, and the tale of Bruce and the patient spider who taught him perseverance, have been proved to be untrue. They are mere legends.

But such stories, though they pervert the facts, do no rank injustice. They are untrue, but they rob no hero of his glory. It is not with such myths as these that the Pictorial History of America, which begins in this issue of Puck, will deal. The Pictorial History will present correct versions of those important events in American history where

(Continued on page 24)

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Ultimate in Cigarettes
People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
Amazons
Makers of the Highest Quality Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Rugs that endure

Write for our illustrated book
"WHITTALL'S RUGS"

WHITTALL'S
THE MARK OF QUALITY

M. J. WHITTALL
ASSOCIATES
270 Brimley Street Worcester, Mass.



*The first woman
since the beginning
of time*

to look through a baking
dish!

A transparent substance for
baking has at last been per-
fected. A need of centuries
is now realized in PYREX.

PYREX
Trade Mark Reg.

**Transparent
OVEN WARE**

Has the name on every piece

The PYREX way has every ad-
vantage over the primitive way
of darkness and doubt. Nolonger
is food baked by guesswork! Its
progress and condition are
watched through the dish. Bake in
it, then serve in it—the table
looks better, the food tastes bet-
ter. This new substance distri-
butes heat so that baking is done
quicker—and without burning.

PYREX is for baking everything in
every oven. Many shapes and sizes of
dishes from ramekins at 15c to large
casseroles at \$2. Houseware dealers
everywhere sell PYREX. Ask them for
booklet.

Corning Glass Works

Established 1868

119 Tioga Ave., Corning, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 23)

tradition and current misconception
have robbed a man of his just dues.

A myth that is typical is dealt
with in this first issue. If there is
one fact that everyone thinks he
knows about in the story of Christo-
pher Columbus, it is the incident of
Queen Isabella and her pawned jewels.
Yet this story is false. It has long
glorified Isabella without just cause,
and we, who give credence to it,
commit an injustice (an injustice
which should be revolting to every
good American) to the memory of
the real hero of the expedition of
Columbus. No contemporary of Co-
lumbus and Isabella gives support to
the anecdote of the pawned jewels.
"Harrissee finds no warrant for it [the
story of the pawned jewels], and judges
the advance of funds to have been by
Santangel from his private revenues."*

In fact, Spain was then too in-
ternally disturbed to think of new
realms. Their majesties, Ferdinand
and Isabella, fired by religious fervor,
had adopted a spirit of intolerance in
religion. The Jews and the Moors
were the unfortunate victims. In
1480 the Jews were prohibited from
the exercise of all professions. But
the services of such of them as were
in royal employment were too valu-
able to be dispensed with and many
were permitted to continue in office,
so long as publicly they did not pro-
fess Judaism. It was fortunate for
Columbus that such was the case, for
(Continued on page 25)

* "Christopher Columbus; How He Received and Im-
parted the Spirit of Discovery," by Justin Winsor.

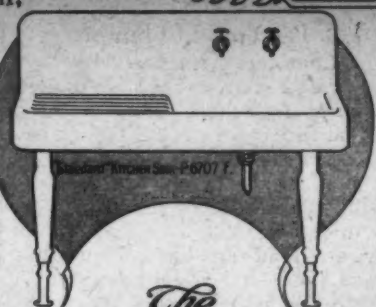
The hill-billy of the Arkansas
Ozarks is a type of individual peculiar
to those low-lying hills. His wants
are few and his habits are simple.
He refuses to work as long as his
wife has her health and strength.
His most cherished possession are
his dogs, which range in number
from five to twenty. A Northerner,
who happened to be sojourning in
the habitat of the hill-billy, observed
that one of the natives possessed
only three lop-eared hounds.

"How does it come, Jim, that you
own so few dogs?" he inquired of the
h-b.

"Ah've had a mos' powerful run
of bad luck with mah dogs, suh,"
was the drawling response. "Two
years ago, suh, I had twenty-fo'
of the finest dogs in Arkansaw, when
a distempah of some sort struck
them and now all Ah got is these
yere three. Ah sho' am powerful
onlucky. It seems as if Ah just
kain't get a start in dogs again, suh."

"Is there any insanity in Billy's
family?"

"They all speak highly of Billy!"



*The
Aristocrat
of the
Kitchen*

The Owner of a new
"Standard" one-piece
white enameled Kitchen
Sink was so pleased with
it that she named it
"The Aristocrat of the
Kitchen."

Why delay securing similar
kitchen comfort? Have
your Plumber call with his
"Standard" catalogue or
write us for attractive
new booklet—"Standard"
Plumbing Fixtures for the
Home."

"Standard" Kitchen Sinks
are made without a single
crack, joint or crevice.
They mean up-to-date
kitchens.

**Standard Sanitary
Mfg. Co.**

Dept. 70
PITTSBURGH

You are invited to see Kitchen Sinks in
any of these "Standard" Showrooms

NEW YORK	35 W. 51ST
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.)	50 BROAD
BOSTON	188 DEVONSHIRE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.
PITTSBURGH	108 SIXTH
CHICAGO	900 S. MICHIGAN
CHICAGO	14-20 N. PEARIA
ST. LOUIS	100 N. FOURTH
CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	838 WALNUT
TOLEDO	211-221 ERIE
COLUMBUS	948-955 S. THIRD
YOUNGSTOWN	219 N. CHAMPION
WHEELING	2120-20 JACOBS
ERIE	138 W. TWELFTH
LOS ANGELES	871 MESQUIT
LOUISVILLE	219 W. MAIN
NASHVILLE	215 S. TENTH
NEW ORLEANS	248 BARONNE
HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
DALLAS	1900-1208 JACKSON
SAN ANTONIO	218 LOSOYA
FORT WORTH	222-230 MONROE
TORONTO, CAN.	58 E. RICHMOND
HAMILTON, CAN.	50 W. JACKSON
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE	RIALTO BLDG.
DETROIT OFFICE	HAMMOND BLDG.
KANSAS CITY OFFICE	RESERVE BANK BLDG.

The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 24)

the royal coffers lacked gold and their masters lacked faith. Without financial support, he could not undertake his voyage of discovery. Tradition has told us that Columbus sought for years to obtain the necessary funds from the royal treasury of Aragon. Tradition has told us that he was again and again refused. So far tradition is right. But when tradition tells us also that Columbus finally obtained his backing by inducing Queen Isabella to pawn her jewels, it is inflicting a myth upon us. A faith and imagination which Isabella did not possess were required—vision combined with treasure of gold.

In reality, Isabella was not as we are accustomed to picture her, a beautiful and inspiring queen. Our picture portrays a likeness more nearly the truth. We see in her a stout, rather sullen-faced, homely dame—the likeness of her that has been preserved by the most reliable contemporary paintings. The character of Isabella, whom certain biographers have painted as a sort of saint on earth, is summed up in the words of Helps.* "Perhaps there is hardly a great personage whose name and authority are found in connection with so much that is strikingly evil." Ferdinand was, as one critic puts it, "the most dishonest and unscrupulous politician of an unscrupulous age."

(Continued on page 26)

* "Life of Columbus," by Sir Arthur Helps.

Ever Meet Him at the Ball Game?

"Good catch? Yes, good enough for these days; but you ought to see the catches Kirt Welsh of the old St. Louis Browns used to make."

"Pitch? Oh, sure, he can put some speed on the ball all right enough; but there ain't none of 'em got the speed that Old Hoss Radbourne used to have."

"Bat? Well, I s'pose you would call him a pretty fair hitter, but you ought to have seen Dan Brouthers when he was with the Detroits."

"Run bases? Oh, some of 'em are pretty good at it these days; but then, you fellers are too young to remember Jimmy Fogarty."

EMPLOYEE: You see I told my fiancée, that I was getting ten a week more than I am—so now—

EMPLOYER: Just tell her that I've reduced you ten a week. I don't care what she thinks of me!

FLOOR WALKER: Lost your husband? Yes, ma'am. Mourning goods directly ahead!

WOMAN: I wouldn't find him there! Where is the liquors department?



Judge It By
The Company
It keeps

The best clubs, the country over, serve Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. You will find it, also, in the best homes, and at good fountains and restaurants everywhere. It is the national Ginger Ale of America. Clicquot Club has a sparkling ginger tang that blends well with anything. Use it as you would any carbonated water.

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

Buy it By the Case

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-to
GINGER ALE

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass.



The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 25)

It was these two sovereigns to whom Columbus had to turn for aid for his expedition, and it is not surprising that he received but a cold reception. In April or May of 1486, he placed his plans before them at a royal council.

"Columbus explained to the sovereigns what he had conceived, to which they accorded no belief. He then gave them the assurance that he was certain of what he said and explained the map of the world."* It is this famous royal audience which we picture in our painting. The portraits of the King and Queen have been made as nearly accurate as careful research in the Hispanic Museum, the New York Public Library, and other available sources have made possible. The throne-room architecturally is reconstructed from a careful study of the paintings of the period, and courtiers and churchmen alike have been studied and executed with minute care for correctness of detail.

We cannot say that the royal audience at which Columbus finally laid his plans before his monarchs was actually as represented in our picture.

(Continued on page 27)

* "Historia de los Reyes Católicos," by Andres Bernaldes.

GLASTENBURY HEALTH UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

Protection against chilling of the body; often a forerunner of colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.

Famous over half a century for its superior qualities.

Every garment shaped to the figure and guaranteed not to shrink.

Glastenbury Two-Piece, Flat-Knit Spring-Needle Underwear is made in fifteen grades, several weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

Adjustable drawer bands on all except \$1.25 grade.

	per garment
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	\$1.25
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight	1.75
Natural Gray Wool, winter weight (double thread)	2.00
Natural Gray Wool, light weight	1.25
Natural Gray Worsted, light weight	1.75
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, light weight	2.00
Natural Gray Worsted, medium weight	2.00
Natural Gray Australian Lamb's Wool, winter weight	2.50

FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS

Write for booklet—sample cuttings.

Yours for the asking: Dept. 52

Glastenbury Knitting Co.
GLASTENBURY, CONN.



*Refinement
in Apparel*

suggests the
protection
afforded by

**OMO
COAT
SHIELDS**

An indispensable
accessory of high-
grade tailoring.

Ask your tailor
to use OMO
Coat Shields.

THE OMO MFG. CO.
75 WALNUT STREET
MIDDLETOWN
CONNECTICUT

Makers of OMO Dress Shields,
White Clover Dress Shields,
Infants' Pants, Sanitary Sheet-
ing and Specialties.



The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 26)

Such an exact reproduction of the notable event is not possible. But we do say that neither in general nor in detail is there anything in this picture contradictory to our best information as to the meeting; and moreover, that the circumstances attending this crucial moment in our history are here represented with as great a degree of accuracy as is possible in view of our present knowledge of the event. This is the most authoritative picture of the event in existence.

But to go on with the story of the meeting. As one historian says: "Columbus was impelled by his ambition and insatiable avarice to make enormous demands; he wished to be appointed Admiral, Viceroy, and Governor for life over all lands which he might discover. Ferdinand was not inclined to grant such demands or to concede such far-reaching privileges."*

Unbelief in Columbus' plans, distaste for his enormous demands, lack of vision and lack of funds, impelled the sovereigns to lend a deaf ear to his pleadings. But there was one man present at the court hearing who had a larger vision and more faith. We see standing near the throne in

(Continued on page 28)

*"Christopher Columbus, His Life, His Work, His Remains, etc." by John Boyd Thacher.

A Patriotic Victim

It was a dark night and the streets were dank and deserted. In the shadow of a house crouched the hold-up man, his cap drawn over his desperate eyes, a cocked revolver in his hand.

He was listening. Three full blocks away, some solitary pedestrian tapped the pavement. Steadily nearer he came. Cautiously peering from his shelter, the hold-up man sized him up. The prospective victim was middle-aged and stout. There could be but one result.

A few seconds, and it had happened. The stout, middle-aged person was looking squarely into the muzzle of the hold-up man's revolver. Yes, and he was smiling. His face radiated joy.

"What a pleasure it is," he cried, handing over his valuables, "what a pleasure it is, in these days of national unpreparedness, of utter indifference upon the part of the public to military training, to come unexpectedly across a man who knows how to handle a gun!"

Apologizing for the fact that the watch he carried was but a cheap silver affair, his own being at the jeweler's for repairs, the stout, middle-aged person passed cheerily out of the shadow.

A SWEET SURPRISE!

Whitman's

Sampler



A surprise because of the quaintness and originality of the Sampler box. And undeniably sweet to every woman because of the unique assortment of the leading Whitman kinds—chocolates and confections.

Our seventy-four years of successful candy-making have borne no finer fruit than this delightful Sampler package.

Whitman's are the National Sweets. You can obtain the Sampler at our agencies almost everywhere (or from us for \$1). The freshness is guaranteed. Illustrated booklet of 125 Whitman candies on request.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cacao and Marshmallow Whip

Big Mileage Dividends

Users find these tires an investment that pays dividends of 2,000, 5,000 and even 7,000 free miles.

Likely, a near-by dealer can supply you. If not, write to Dept. P.

Quaker City Rubber Co., Philadelphia



A set of fac-simile letters giving details of these records will be sent on request

T.T.T.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Of Whatever State or Persuasion—Thomas Jefferson.

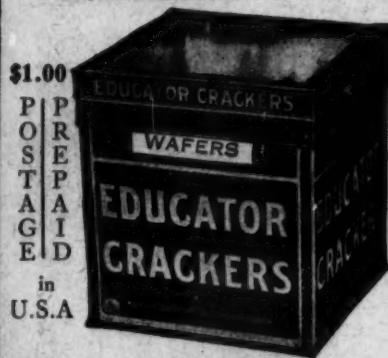


NO
A
M
N
I
M
T
A
L
R

Educator WAFERS

Made with Educator Entire Wheat Flour and pure spring water. Make everything else taste better and make you want to eat. Many families prefer Educator WAFERS to bread, and serve them at every meal. At your grocer's. Or Five-pound Family can direct for \$1.00 and grocer's name.

Johnson Educator Food Co.,
35 BROAD ST., BOSTON
New York Agency 260 W. Broadway.
Telephone-Franklin 1355.



*Less needed-
truer flavor-
always the same*

**Burnett's
VANILLA**

Joseph Burnett Co.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 27)

the right foreground the Treasurer, of the Supplies for Aragon, Luis de Santangel. "Luis de Santangel had been a party to this solicitation and had favored the project. This man, a Jew, was Treasurer of Supplies for Aragon and very close in his relations to both King and Queen."* He was "one of those antique Jews who have so greatly helped to enlighten the Christian world. Like the Caragenas of Burgos, for instance, he joined, as is the nature and tendency of his race, the love of the ideal, appropriate to the prophets divinely inspired of the Lord, to the reflective calculations of the schemer and the mathematician."**

He was a favorite of Ferdinand and the third of his name to hold a seat in Spain's great councils. He eagerly listened to the plans of Columbus and he listened with his heart as well as with his ears. At last the great adventurer had found a friend, a hero who should be regarded in history as second only to the discoverer himself. Our artist had difficulty in reconstructing an

(Continued on page 29)

* Emilio Castelar, the Spanish statesman and orator.

Right Up in Front

He was a diffident shade, and as he faced Saint Peter, he dropped his gaze and shifted his body uneasily.

"I am afraid I have no business here," he began, hesitatingly; "I have been a sort of human not, or nonentity, all my mortal life. I haven't been especially good, as your recording angel's books will show, and I haven't exerted myself much in the cause of righteousness. I may as well make a clean breast of it."

"Oh, come, come!" said the Saint of the Gate. "It can't be as bad as all that. Can't you think of even one thing in your favor? Come, now; try."

The diffident shade thought a moment and then spoke again, but with minimum confidence.

"There is only one thing that occurs to me," he said. "Whenever anyone on earth told me a funny story, and I realized that it was one that I heard before, I made it my invariable practice never to let on. I laughed as heartily as if it were brand new to me, and quite the best thing I ever heard in my life. I did this," concluded the diffident shade, "rather than lessen a friend's pleasure in the telling."

St. Peter slapped him heartily on the back, and pressed upon his brow a diamond-studded halo.

"Enter!" he cried to the diffident shade; "enter, and take a seat in the front row. There is nothing in heaven too good for you."

Bon Ton CORSETS

The illustration gives an idea of the smart style, the fit, and the graceful lines of BON TON corsets. It is but one of over 100 models designed for the average, slender, petite and stout figures at prices \$3.50, \$5, \$6.50, \$8, \$10 and upwards.

In every city, town and the rural districts these fashionable corsets are



now being shown. Live, progressive merchants the country over have sold BON TON corsets for years because their patrons want them. Our handsome, new catalog, the ROYAL BLUE BOOK, mailed free upon request to Department K.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.
WORCESTER, MASS.

Designers and Manufacturers of

Bon Ton CORSETS

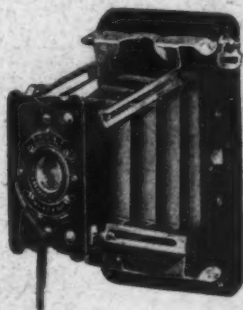
The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 28)

exact portrait of Luis de Santangel, but from the meagre material at hand, we are led to suppose that he was such a man as we have pictured. How can we imagine him without picturing something of the prophet in his mien, a white-bearded seer fired by the vision of Columbus. We know the sort of robes which went with his high office and the insignia of his rank, and these are faithfully portrayed. Of his visage we cannot paint an exact picture; but little matter when we can come so near the truth in spirit.

"The Jews had an important part given them in the American drama. Few names among the *dramatis personæ* were more illustrious than those of Luis de Santangel. When the craze against the Jews was at its height in Spain, when persecution sorely tormented them, when their property was confiscated and their lives in peril, many apostatised and pretended to accept the Christian faith. These became known as 'Marranos,' and many of them rose to places of distinction and influence. Few of these conversions were real. While professing the religion of the Christians they privately observed their old faith and practised in secret the Jewish rites.

(Continued on page 30)



"Little Indian" \$7 to \$22.00
"Seneca Junior" 8 " 55.00

VEST POCKET SENECA CAMERAS

The Cameras with the focus fixed for you

Made in 2 sizes, the "Little Indian" takes pictures 1 5/8 x 2 1/2 inches, the "Seneca Junior" takes 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inch pictures. Both size pictures enlarge beautifully.

These friendly little cameras are as inconspicuous as your watch, yet are as fast, accurate and easy to handle as any of the larger Senecas. Meet these little chaps anywhere you see a Seneca Agency sign and you will become pals on sight.

ASK YOUR DEALER OR SEND TODAY FOR FREE SENECA HAND-BOOK.



SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO.
203 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

The Engine's Master

By field and farm, faster now, or slower—as the Hamilton Watch dictates—the great engines of America's lightning trains thunder along. The Hamilton commands; the giant locomotives obey. Railroad engineers and conductors carry Hamiltons because they can depend upon them absolutely for accurate time.

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Wouldn't you be proud to own the kind of watch that railroad men use to time their fast runs?



The lowest-priced Hamilton is a movement alone for \$12.25 (\$13.00 in Canada). The highest-priced Hamilton is our Masterpiece at \$150.00 in 18k heavy gold case. Other Hamiltons at \$15.00, \$25.00, etc. Hamiltons are made in many models—in cased watches; also in movements alone which your jeweler can fit to your present watch case.

Write for Hamilton Watch Book—"The Timekeeper"

It will show you how all the various Hamilton Models look. We will send you this book free if you will write for it. Just your name and address on a post card will do.

HAMILTON WATCH CO., Dept. 56, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



"Never mind!
It's Likly Luggage
and guaranteed
for 5 Years."

Send for 112 Page Catalogue
Henry Likly & Co. Rochester, N.Y.



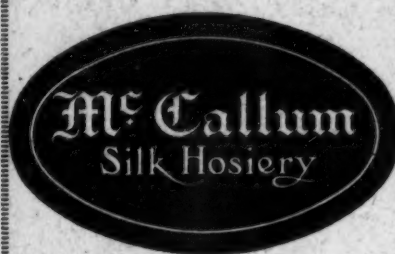
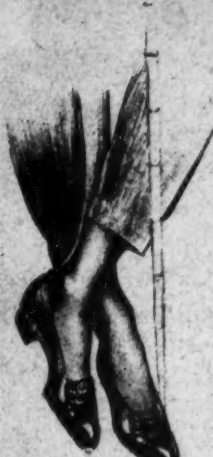
The Next Historical Number of

Suck

Will be Dated October 7th—
on Sale October 2

In this issue, further interesting sidelights of the early history of America and its discovery will be shown in text and picture.

Leave an Order with Your Newsdealer Today



The man who isn't satisfied with just any silk hosiery finds McCallum's is the hosiery of real quality for a gentleman's wear. Its rich beauty and correct style make the wearer feel well dressed on all occasions.

Sold at the Best Shops

McCALLUM
HOSIERY
COMPANY
NORTHAMPTON
MASSACHUSETTS

The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 29)

"By far the most powerful and important of 'Marranos' was the Santangel family. . . . The Santangels converted, outwardly at least, to Christianity became prominent throughout Aragon. . . . They paid for their prominence, and several of their members were among the first Jewish heretics burned at the stake. . . . It was the supreme wisdom of the Writer of this great drama, the Divine Dramatist who

(Continued on page 31)



Protects the Complexion

Few of us can escape repeated exposure to the sun's burning glare, or parching winds laden with unclean dust. As summer advances the skin becomes more tender, more easily irritated and, consequently, more susceptible to injury.

All danger is averted by the daily use of *Hinds Honey and Almond Cream*.

Wherever you may go,—from coast to coast, in cities, towns, at seashore or inland resorts,—you will find that a large number of the refined, attractive women are users of *Hinds Cream*. (Men use it for sunburn and after shaving.)

It quickly cools, softens and heals the skin; prevents dryness, shriveling and small wrinkles. Always ready, never greasy or sticky, never disappointing.

Selling everywhere or postpaid by us on receipt of price. *Hinds Cream* in bottles, 50c; *Hinds Cold Cream* in tubes, 25c. Samples of *Cream* sent for 2 cent stamp to any postage.

Do not take a substitute. *Hinds Cream* will improve the skin.

Try *HINDS CREAM TOILET SOAP* 10c and 25c. Trial size each 5c postpaid.

A. S. HINDS
218 West St., Portland, Me.



"Overdrawn? Impossible!"

"You Must Have Cashed A Raised Check"

"You say there's one of our checks there at the bank for several hundred dollars?"
"I tell you we've drawn no such check. If it's our signature the amount must have been raised."

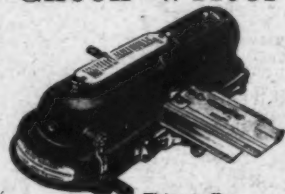
This little business tragedy is taking place, somewhere, every day. Bills to pay, maybe a note to meet at the bank tomorrow, payroll staring him in the face—and his bank balance suddenly overdrawn—all because he signed a check for a few dollars without protecting it like this—

TEN DOLLARS SIX CENTS

(Amount words in red; amount words in black) with the Protectograph Check Writer (Todd Patents), the instrument that writes the amount in two colors and protects it—all at one speedy operation.

THE PROTECTION is gained by "shredding" each character into the paper, and forcing two colors of insoluble ink through and through the shreds, the original basic principle of real check protection. The two colors prevent misreading and give the check a handsome, businesslike look.

Protectograph Check-Writer



Writes in Two Colors; Price \$40

is positive and unvarying in its action. Nothing is left to the operator's judgment, except to keep the machine well inked. The 1916 model has everlasting bronze type; folding check shelf (compact, with extension slide for large vouchers); removable handle (locks machine); "silencer," making operation practically noiseless; tandem feed rolls (perfect alignment); perfected inking mechanism. Todd machines have protected the biggest bank accounts in the world for fifteen years (500,000 in use), and no user has ever lost a dollar on any check bearing Todd protection.

One raised check may wipe out the largest bank account. Why take a chance? Let us send the interesting book on "Check Frauds," by Detective William J. Burns. The book is confidential, sent only to business men who enclose their letterhead as evidence of responsibility.

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO.

1166 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Makers of the Original
"Not Over" Protectograph

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Name.....



Happy Mr. Man

"What do you say to that, Mr. Man? Made it myself. When you have eaten it you may congratulate yourself on having selected so good a cook to become Mrs. Man." Of course he may—and will—for what she brings is a lovely dish of

JELL-O

and whipped cream. If he had never loved her before he would now. There is a suggestion here—a couple of them, possibly—but the one in mind is that there is nothing more satisfactory than Jell-O for serving to your guests on almost any special occasion, as well as at dinner.

If you are not already making your salads as well as your desserts in the "easy Jell-O way," let us send you the new salad Recipe folder with the new Jell-O book. You will be delighted with the recipes.

Jell-O is always put up in packages bearing the word Jell-O in big red letters on the front. There are seven different pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents, at any grocer's or general storekeeper's. The waxed paper SafetyBag which encloses Jell-O inside the package is airtight and moisture proof. It preserves the flavor in full strength for years.



The Genesee Pure Food Co.,
LE ROY, N. Y., and BRIDGEBURG, ONT.

The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 30)

creates situations and who moves human puppets across the stage of life, that this Jew, this faithful apostate, was to be one of the principal instruments in drawing back the curtain which forever had concealed the New World.*

In January, 1492, the negotiations with Columbus were finally broken off by the Court, and Columbus left Granada with the definite purpose of abandoning forever Spain and applying for aid to the court of France. Then, when all seemed lost, Luis de Santangel came to the rescue. Preserved in the "Archivos de Indias" in Seville are certain original account-books which were formerly in the archives of Simancas. In the account book of Santangel and of the Treasurer Francisco Pinelo is a statement of a payment of a sum of 1,140,000 maravedis (\$67,500) placed in the hands of Talavera, Bishop of Avila, for the purpose of Columbus' voyage.

"And the remaining 1,140,000 maravedis to pay the said Escribano de Racion (Santangel), on account of a like sum which he loaned to pay for the caravels which their highnesses ordered to go as a fleet to the Indies, and to pay to Christopher Columbus, who went in the said fleet." (This quotation is taken from a certified copy made for the historian de Navarrete.)

This same statement of the source from which Columbus obtained his funds is repeated by the historian Thacher, who says:

"That he advanced the money out of his own pocket is proved beyond question by the original account-books, which were formerly in the archives of Simancas and which are still preserved in the 'Archivos de Indias' in Seville. In the account-book of Luis de Santangel and of the Treasurer, Francisco Pinelo, extending from 1491 to 1493, Santangel is credited with an item of 1,140,000 maravedis which he gave to the Bishop of Avila for Columbus' expedition."†

The fact is also substantiated in the works of the four authorities on this period of Spanish history: Harriette, F. Columbus, Las Casas, and

(Continued on page 32)

*† "Christopher Columbus, His Life, His Works, His Remains, etc.," by John Boyd Thacher.

Swift

AUNT NANCY: Here's a letter from our nephew Eph.

UNCLE EBEN: What's he doing this summer?

AUNT NANCY: Running a camp. He says it rained the first day but the second day he ditched it.

UNCLE EBEN: No wonder. He's probably running it too durned fast.



Dark Oily Skins Need Pompeian

A clear, fair skin is hard to have in these luxurious days of heavy eating and light exercising. Dark oily skins result. A pore cleanser and skin exerciser is needed.

When Pompeian MASSAGE Cream rubs in and then rolls out of the pores in its own peculiar way, the pores are not only cleansed of excess oils and dust which even soap and water cannot reach, but at the same time the skin is exercised and invigorated. Result? A clear, fresh, youthful skin.

WOMEN can get Pompeian MASSAGE Cream at all drug or department stores, in 50c. 75c. and \$1 jars.

MEN have their faces massaged with Pompeian MASSAGE Cream in thousands of the country's best barber shops. By "best" shops we mean those shops where proprietors are clever enough to give the customer what he asks for instead of trying to argue the customer into accepting a massage cream he never heard of. Remember; a standard product with a Nation-wide reputation is safer for your face. Be pleasantly firm and you'll get Pompeian. Be easy and you'll get an imitation.

P. S. For Dandruff get a head massage with that delightful liquid Pompeian HAIR Massage. It is doing wonders for men all over the country.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.

232 Prospect Street,
CLEVELAND, O.

USWOCO FABRICS

Awarded Gold Medal Panama-Pacific
Exposition.



Fancy Worsteds

Now Open

United States
Worsted Company
of Massachusetts

Boston, Mass.

ANDREW ADIE
President

JOHN SIMSON
Vice-President

C. W. SOUTHER
Treasurer

New York Office and
Salesrooms:

257-261 Fourth Ave.

J. B. KIRKALDY
Selling Agent

The Patron of Columbus

(Continued from page 31)

Kayserling, namely, that Luis de Santangel was solely responsible for the financial resources for Columbus' first voyage.

Moreover, we have a strong piece of evidence that Columbus regarded Luis de Santangel as his patron. For when the explorer returned from his memorable first voyage, it was not to their majesties Ferdinand and Isabella that he sent his report overland from Lisbon, dated February 15, 1493, but to the man who had faith enough in his theories to venture a fortune without security of any kind, Luis de Santangel.*

(Continued on page 33)

* Letter of Columbus, published March, 1493.



Which Bottle
will your
Baby Use?

Saving his baby's life —with the Hygeia

The Hygeia was invented by a doctor whose own baby was sick.

The old-fashioned bottle was the cause of the baby's nearly dying.

Twenty years ago there was no choice in Nursing Bottles—it was a case of taking the unsanitary narrow-neck nurser or using a cup and spoon. Dr. Wm. More Decker nearly lost his own first child. He decided the fault was with the bottle and set about improving it. The result was the

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE

neckless, as easy to clean as a glass tumbler, therefore safe and sanitary. The rubber breast is broad and yielding yet non-collapsible—the nearest to natural nursing possible. A bottle endorsed by physicians, nurses and thinking mothers everywhere.

Why not start your baby, if he must be bottle-fed, with the bottle that is safe—the Hygeia? Ask your Druggist for the Hygeia. The name Hygeia is on bottle, breast and carton.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
1393 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.



"Harvard Mills" and "Mérode" (Hand-Finished) Fine Gauge Ribbed Underwear

A common error is to suppose that "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Quality makes it essentially a high priced line of underwear. This arises because whenever people talk of good underwear "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" generally becomes a topic. As a matter of fact the "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Line includes full assortments of carefully tailored, carefully finished garments of every sort from 50 cents upward.

The primary requisite of every garment we make, regardless of price, is that it shall be flawless from every angle of fit, fabric and finish.

FOR SALE AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

FOUNDED 1888

Winship, Boit & Co.
Harvard Knitting Mill

A Desk and a System for you personally—

THE "Y and E Efficiency Desk" is a device that will save you the cost of one complete stack of filing cabinets and at the same time will help you to do better work—help you in a *practical* way. It is an entirely new type of cabinet, a genuine, fine quality "Y and E" filing cabinet that is built to be used as a desk. It is the most effective aid to personal efficiency that we know of.

Among the 44 models offered there is one desk which is exactly adapted to you personally—equipped with the various vertical filing and card record systems that you yourself need close at hand.

"Y and E" EFFICIENCY DESK

Your present systems may be installed in the Desk if desired of course; or we will equip it before delivery with new systems, selected from the thousands of complete "Y and E" systems carried in stock, or drawn up specially if necessary. And they will be the most up-to-date and efficacious systems for your particular job. "Y and E" Systems and Filing Devices have been famous throughout the world for more than thirty years for the satisfaction and efficiency which they give.

All the details of a complete Efficiency Desk installation are carried through on well-oiled wheels. Simply write us a post card or letter and answer these questions: (1) what is your position or the kind of work you do; (2) what systems have you now that some of the new systems should be based upon (send samples of forms used); (3) are there any entirely distinctive records that you would particularly like to have the new systems provide for?

These answers start the ball rolling. Try it and see how wonderfully well organized our System Service Department is for giving real service to customers.

YAWMAN AND FRBE MFG. CO.

Rochester, New York

BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Springfield, Mass., New York, Albany, Newark, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland.

2000 Agents and Dealers in more than
1200 other cities.

IN CANADA: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ontario.
Makers of "Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems. Exclusive makers of Efficiency Desks.

Bibliography consulted in the preparation of this Paint- ing and Article

- BARTOLOMÉ DE LAS CASAS:
Historia de las Indias, written 1527-61; first published in Madrid, 1875.
- FERNANDO COLOMBO:
Historia del Signor Don Fernando Colombo . . . é vera relatione della vita . . . dell' Ammiraglio D. Cristoforo Colombo (1571).
- MARTIN FERNANDEZ DE NAVARRETE:
Colección de los viajes y descubrimientos que hicieron por mar los Españoles, &c. (Madrid, 1825-37.)
- WASHINGTON IRVING:
History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. (New York, 1828.)
- HENRI HARRISSE:
Christophe Colomb. (Paris, 1884.)
Christophe Colomb devant l'histoire. (Paris, 1892.)
- JOHN BOYD THACHER:
Christopher Columbus: His Life, His Work, His Remains, as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. (New York, 1903-4.)
- JOHN FISKE:
The Discovery of America. (Boston, 1897.)
- JUSTIN WINSON:
Narrative and Critical History of America. (Boston, 1884-89.)
Christopher Columbus; How He Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery. (Cambridge, Mass., 1892.)
- DR. MOSES KAYSERLING:
Christopher Columbus, and the participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries; translated by C. Gross. (New York, 1894.)
- SIR ARTHUR HELPS:
Life of Columbus. London, 1890.)
- A. B. FILSON YOUNG:
Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery. (London, 1906.)
- SIR CLEMENTS ROBERT MARKHAM:
Life of Columbus. (London, 1892.)
- E. VIGNAUD:
Études critiques sur la vie de Colomb avant ses découvertes. (Paris, 1905.)
Histoire critique de la grande entreprise de Christophe Colomb. (Paris, 1911.)
- WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT:
History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. (Boston, 1838.)
- MARTIN HUME:
The Spanish People. (New York, 1901.)
- JOSEPH MAGNABAL:
Christophe Colomb et l'université de Salamanque. (Paris, 1892.)
- ANDRÉS BERNALDEZ:
Historia de los Reyes Católicos. (Granada, 1856.)



"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had a picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston! So when I go into a store, to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"
—ANDRÉ PEALÉ

Boston Garter

SILK 50 CENTS
Cotton 25 CENTS

Gives men more service and more comfort for its cost than any other article they wear. It's put on and taken off in a jiffy and holds socks neatly and securely.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON



Why Don't You Get a 25c. L-V Dust Cloth FREE?

Present the coupon printed below to your dealer next Friday, or any Friday, and he will give you, FREE, one of our famous 25-cent L-V Crepe Dust Cloth, providing you buy at the same time a 50-cent bottle of

LIQUID VENEER

The Greatest Polish and Cleaner The World Has Ever Known.

With the L-V Dust Cloth—
Your daughter can learn to be a neat little housekeeper.

Your son can take pride in polishing your office chair and desk.

Your husband can renew and keep the original finish on his automobile.

Your maid can take ink stains, grease spots and finger marks off all furniture, woodwork, brass, metal or glass.

Liquid Veneer, applied with the L-V Dust Cloth, cleans and polishes at the same time. It is NOT AN OIL. It, therefore, cannot injure or crack any surface to which it is applied.

Always use the L-V Dust Cloth (or cheese cloth). Shake the bottle well, moisten the cloth and wipe dry and polish with a dry cloth.

Remember the coupon. Take it to any grocer, hardware, drug, paint or furniture store next Friday or any Friday.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y. U. S. A.,
BRIDGEBURG, ONT., CANADA.

L-V DUST CLOTH COUPON

This coupon, when signed by you and presented to a Liquid Veneer dealer on any Friday, is redeemable for an L-V Dust Cloth with the purchase of a 50-cent bottle of Liquid Veneer.

Name.....

Street.....Town.....

MR. DEALER: If you have no Dust Cloth, sell the bearer a 50-cent bottle of Liquid Veneer. Send us the coupon and you will receive a Dust Cloth free for your customer.
BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

dramatic concert would be enacted, the lights were partially lowered as the curtains again parted. Struldbrug, the dramatic critic of "The Daily Bulge," informed us from the platform that he would give us a bit of symbolism of his own manufacture. He had, he said, studied Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Sudermann, Nordmann and Guillaume Patterson, and had reached the conclusion that Maeterlinck was on the right track, and that the thrill, the elemental shiver, the sexless quiver were the loftiest expression of the dramatic verities. Therefore, he asked us to listen patiently to his little etching in words, entitled "The Voices." Struldbrug disappeared; high time, for I heard grumbings all around me to the effect that hell was the only fit spot for symbolists. Then the stage became black. We sat, our mouths open, awaiting the new thrill. It came. Instead of actors, the author used voices of five varying timbres. We saw naught but heard shivering tones, sinister tones, tones that were mad, lugubrious and hollow, and voices that uttered strange and curdled sentences. Speech had a different meaning when thus separated from the human frame, when dissociated from vision. Voices floating as if in a void struck us with a chill, and the grim power of Struldbrug was tacitly acknowledged. We heard solos, duologues, triologues. Speech merged into mere insane babbling, and when a velvet sobbing arose, Aronstein, sitting near the stage, became hysterical and like Oswald Alving in "Ghosts," cried aloud: "Give me the sun, Mother, I want the sun." They gave him Puck instead, with a little absinthe to steady his nerves.

I wonder now what it was in "The Voices" that so passionately stirred us? Perhaps the novelty of the art and its vocal presentation; certainly not the ideas, which were commonplace. Here is one specimen: "Have you the price?" asked a warm baritone voice.

"I have," tenor voice.

"Let us go." Unison, tenor and baritone.

"O wait! go not alone. We, too, are thirsty," wailed a soprano.

"We can't. We are masculine and must go together," tenor and baritone, unison.

Mocking male laughter followed by a 5 voice fugue for lampposts, policemen, tin whistles and a music-critic.

"Will they ever come back?" a midnight contralto voice.

"We know not how." Soprano.

"Both full as Capricorns" unison, soprano and contralto.

"Who will be elected?" Mystic male chorus from afar, fading into

the dim distance and ending with the morbid hiccough of damned souls. The air was full of woven enchantments. The human Ego was led naked to the altar of art and psychically spanked. It was simply magnificent, even if it wasn't drama. We all sat lost in wonder at the discovery of Struldbrug's greatness. Kaustic, the incorrigible, was as if struck dumb—or drunk. Slowly the darkness on the stage was shot through with purple flecks, shreds of gold, and then sun-smitten. A rosy light burst into music and the sound of eunuch-like voices flooded the interstices of our cranial chambers. And the Calomel Club slumbered, and awoke not until the afternoon sky was aflame with the sunset of another day. Ah! and then what monstrously swollen skulls. Ah! and how we cursed Struldbrug and his sinister art. As a matter of fact he disappeared from his old haunts for a week. Being rather "near" in money matters he feared he would have to treat every man Jack in the club as a legitimate penalty for the katzenjammer, moral and physical, that he caused with his diabolically suggestive voices. All the same, I hailed him in a two-column double-headed critical article as the legitimate successor to Maurice Maeterlinck and the misty school of thought-murderers.

A man from Kansas City, Mo., was held up for a day in Topeka, Kan., the capital city of the mid-west prohibition state. Meeting a native on the street, the Missourian said:

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me where I can get a drink?"

"Sure," responded the Kansan eagerly, "I can tell you where you can get two drinks."

Bilkins had attended a banquet and a little before 2 g. m., had slid limply, but smilingly, under the table, where he reposed peacefully until he was drawn forth by one of his friends, who laboriously lugged him to a taxicab and finally landed him in his room. The friend carefully put Bilkins to bed and went his way. Along in the forenoon, another friend, who had also attended the banquet, dropped in to see how Bilkins was faring. He found Bilkins in the midst of his toilet.

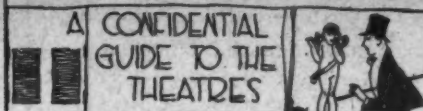
"Say," said Bilkins, "who put me to bed last night?"

The friend told him. Bilkins pondered for a moment and then said:

"Don't you ever let him do it again."

"Why not?" asked the caller, in surprise.

"Well, he's too careless," answered Bilkins. "He forgot to wind my watch."



NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
W. 42nd St.
Eves. 8.10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.10

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam Theatre
ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC

ELTINGE Theatre, W. 42nd Street.
Eves. at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15

A. H. Woods presents

Cheating Cheaters

By Max Marcin

REPUBLIC Theatre, West 42nd St.,
Eves. at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15

A. H. Woods presents

HIS BRIDAL NIGHT

with the

DOLLY SISTERS

By Lawrence Rising Revised by Margaret Mayo

H. H. FRAZEE'S Theatre, 48th Street., W. of
LONGACRE Broadway. Eves. at 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30

H. H. Frazee presents

a new play of startling dramatic development

The Silent Witness

By Otto Haenrich

Staged by Robert Milton

SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS

IN NEW YORK

WINTER GARDEN PASSING SHOW OF 1916

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Blanche Ring

CASINO.....Very Good Eddie

ASTOR.....The Guilty Man



Makes Wonderful Highballs

BECAUSE it blends just right with charged and other waters.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

doubly enhances the pleasure of a high ball. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond, lends a charming, piquant taste that lingers. Just try an "Old Overholt Highball."

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 17)

managing, and he puts up that against my capital. He's been thirty years in the business. Now he puts up all that experience against my capital."

"But do you think that's quite fair to the man, Paul?" asked Adèle, looking a little worried, "if he puts up all those thirty years' experience and you put up only \$37.15?"

"Oh, well," said Paul, with some embarrassment, "it will be a little more than that. He says they'll probably need a little ready money to start with. And then, you know, we needn't consider it from a business point of view. And, of course, we can dissolve partnership whenever we're tired of traveling with them."

Adèle opened her eyes wide.

"Oh, are we going to travel with them?"

"Why, of course, that's the idea," said Paul.

"What, with all those—ladies?" asked Adèle.

"Why," said Paul, "don't you like them?"

"Oh, ye-es," said Adèle, in a doubtful tone. She looked hard at the four ladies for a moment. Then her face brightened.

"I suppose, Paul," she said, "that if they make a great deal of money at Tunk—what's its name?—they'll buy this year's hats?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," said Paul. "Aren't those this year's hats?"

"No, dear," replied Adèle, very decidedly. "they're not—not the least little bit in the world. And I'm sure," she added reflectively, "I don't know what year's hats they are."

"Well, dear, what do you say?" demanded Paul.

Adèle reflected for a moment.

"We wanted to have something happen," she said. "Well, Paul, I think we've got our chance."

When the train rolled into Tunkawanna that afternoon at five o'clock, the Browns felt as if their new friends were very old friends indeed. Nine friendlier people they had never met—excepting Mr. Runyon, who traveled all the way in the baggage car; and, though he did not state his reason for this somewhat peculiar proceeding, he left them in such a frank, simple, unaffected manner that they saw clearly that he did not wish to keep them on formal terms.

As for the members of the company, it did not require more than ten minutes to establish an acquaintance with them. Mr. Slingsby not only introduced them all, but in a private chat with the Browns supplied various scraps of interesting information. "They aren't a nasty crowd to travel with," he said. "In my time, my boy, I've traveled with many a nastier. Delancey—that's that good-looking, pleasant, blue-eyed jackass in the third seat down on the other side of the car—he's playing our lead. He can't act—but, then, my boy, how many leading men can act? That fat man with him is named Weegan. He comes from Peoria, and he thinks he's a low comedian. At 'ome—in England, you know—when I was a

(Continued on page 36)

Look about you for the man who is *happiest* in his success. You will find him of *moderate habit*.

He is neither prudishly narrow nor is he excessive.

And it is the moderate man whom we most value as a customer for a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—*Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

The

HARDMAN AUTOTONE

The PERFECT Player-Piano

A superb Hardman Upright with the best Player-Action manufactured. Made in its entirety by us in our own factories. Easy terms if desired.

HARDMAN, PECK & CO.
Founded 1842
 HARDMAN HOUSE
 433 Fifth Ave., New York
 Brooklyn Store:
 524 Fulton Street



SAFETY FIRST!

by Rolf Armstrong



A charming den picture in full color, on heavy plate paper, size 11 x 14, sent to any address, carefully protected and all ready for framing for

25c.

in Stamps

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 210 Fifth Ave., New York

The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 35)

youngster, they used such people for clowns in pantomimes. But we've got to take the world as we find it."

"Which do you mean?" inquired Paul; "the fat man with the diamond pin in his neck-tie?"

"Great Heavens, sir!" cried Mr. Slingsby, in a tone of withering contempt; "*that* man?" And he pointed to the stouter of the two stout men, who was placidly nodding off to sleep. "Is it possible—it is possible that you don't know Mingies?"

"I—I—" stammered Paul.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Slingsby, in a resigned singsong; "you don't know Mingies, and you don't know *Mr.* But it if wasn't for Mingies, sir, I wouldn't be in this blooming barnstorming company. No, sir; my self-respect wouldn't permit it. There are just two actors in this company, my boy, and Mingies is the other one." Here Mr. Slingsby observed a troubled look on Paul's face, and hastened to add: "Understand me, my dear boy, it's an elegant company for the road. I am talking simply from an artistic standpoint. Now the *ladies*," he went on hurriedly, "the ladies are uncommonly strong. There are Miss La Tourette and Miss Obrian just in front of us," he whispered. "Young things; and they can't act much,—but who does act much nowadays, my boy? That lady with the short hair is Miss Georgie Mingies. She hasn't her father's talent, but she's a fine girl—a fine girl, sir."

"And who," asked Adèle, timidly, "is the elderly lady in the small hat?"

Mr. Slingsby started in genuine surprise. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "where did you two people come from?"

"Philadelphia," said Adèle.

"Ah!" said Mr. Slingsby. "That lady is Mrs. Sophia Wilks, formerly of Covent Garden, London. Everybody on this broad continent, except yourselves, my children, knows her as Aunt Sophy. When I first knew that lady, sir, she was one of the most charming soubrettes in the profession, and the most beautiful woman on the English stage. That was thirty years ago, my boy. Have you a cigar about you?"

Mr. Slingsby got a cigar and went into the smoking-car to smoke it. Then Mrs. Wilks lurched across the aisle and sat down in the seat opposite the Browns.

"My dears," she said, affably, "don't believe one word that that man Slingsby tells you. He's a very nice fellow, but he'll never be an actor if he lives to be as old as Methusalem. I don't say he can't play the violin; but as for acting, why, bless your souls, it ain't in the man."

"I don't understand it," said Paul to Adèle, in a moment when they happened to be left alone; "it seems none of them can act except Mr. Mingies."

"And he's asleep," said Adèle.

It had begun to rain when they reached Tunkawanna. Perhaps this is not a very accurate way of describing what had happened to the weather; for, such a sturdy, vigorous, well-established rain must have had

(Continued on page 37)

"In a Presidential year you have to read Collier's."

Politics can be very dry or very interesting, depending on who tells about them and how the stories are told. It is always Collier's aim to make the whole important story of government affairs as interesting and human as possible. Writers like Julian Street, Henry J. Allen and James Hopper give Collier's national political articles a unique standing. Follow the campaign in

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York

The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 36)

its beginning several states off. It poured in great heavy sheets, through which they dimly descried an uninteresting town of low, brick houses, all very dirty and dingy with smoke from the collieries, whose tall chimneys, high up on the neighboring hills, shot up flashes of deep red flames. The town of Tunkawanna, in truth, was little more than one dull, long, mean street, straggling along the edge of the broad river, whose farther shore was lost in the wet darkness, out of which came the sound of its swift rushing, clearly to be heard above the roar of the rain.

Adèle slipped her hand into Paul's arm as she gazed down the dismal street.

"Oh, Paul!" she whispered; "how awfully gloomy!"

"Gloomy it is," said Mr. Slingsby, just behind them; "and not an umbrella in the 'ole crowd."

"Runyon, my dear," said Aunt Sophia cheerfully to her manager, "you are standing treat to umbrellas, I suppose, as usual?"

Adèle pressed Paul's arm, and he spoke up hastily.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be convenient—," he began, "I mean—if Mr. Runyon will permit me—I'll be very happy—"

"To set up the umbrellas?" broke in Mr. Slingsby. "Ah, my boy, I knew you were a thoroughbred from the moment I laid my eyes on you. Come with me, and I'll show you an elegant establishment."

The two gentlemen dashed through the rain across the street to a little shop where a very little Hebrew boy, whose head hardly came above the counter, opened his dark and dreamy eyes astonishingly wide at receiving an order for eleven umbrellas. Then he gasped once and recovered his self-possession.

"Make it one dozen," he said, "un' I gif you a discount."

"Take him," said Mr. Slingsby, nudging Paul; "the extra one may come in 'andy."

They returned to the station, and, leaving Mr. Runyon to superintend the men who were to take the trunks to the theatre, the Aggregation started up the street, Aunt Sophy piloting the two Browns.

"I have played in this town eleven times," said she; "and every time it rained, except one, and then there was an earthquake."

The gentlemen of the company had dropped behind. From time to time Adèle missed the sound of their feet. This puzzled her a little, and after a while she looked over her shoulders. She observed that, although the four gentlemen had started with five umbrellas, they were now clustered under one. And even as she looked she saw them suddenly deviate from the straight path and disappear into one of the numerous liquor-saloons scattered along the way. When they came out they had no umbrella at all. But they wiped their mouths and turned up their coat-collars, and trudged cheerily along in the rain.

Thus they reached the Tunkawanna hotel, which was quite the smallest, darkest and dirtiest hostelry that Paul and Adèle had ever seen. Mr. Runyon had already passed them, seated on a truck-load of trunks, and

at the door of the hotel they found him earnestly conversing with the proprietor. He had the proprietor by the lapel of his coat, and the proprietor was shaking his head in a stubborn sort of way. As soon as Mr. Runyon saw Paul, he hurriedly drew him aside.

"This is a peculiar sort of place, Mr. Brown," said he, "and they've got a sort of invariable rule about getting their pay in advance. I am an old friend of the proprietor's, but he says he can't break it even for me. You understand? I told him you'd see to it as soon as you came."

"Oh, certainly," said Paul.

Paul went to the office, where he paid the hotel proprietor \$8.25. The proprietor swept it into his till and shut the drawer with a loud slam. As the lock snapped, he whistled a brief and peculiar melody which Paul vaguely remembered having heard as a boy.

"What is that tune?" he inquired of the proprietor, for there seemed to him something peculiarly suggestive about it.

"Over the fence is out," said the proprietor.

* * * * *

"Dear me, Paul!" said Adèle, "I never should know this was a theatre if it wasn't for the smell."

They had eaten a curious and unpleasant meal at the Tunkawanna hotel, and now they sat in a curious and unpleasant little den at the extreme rear of the Tunkawanna Opera House. They hardly knew how they had got there. They had gone through the stage door with a little shiver of delightful expectation. Then they had shivered in another way as cold draughts had poured on them from every direction. They had felt their way through dark passages, and climbed up rickety stairs. They had rubbed against walls greasy with the touch of many hands, dusty walls, and walls coated thick with whitewash. Then, with a consciousness of being smirched and disheveled, they had emerged upon the stage of the theatre, a barn-like place where three or four men were clumsily arranging tall wooden frames covered with canvas. The canvas was splashed with great daubs of pale dull color.

"Is it really scenery, Paul?" asked Adèle.

"I am afraid it is," said Paul, vaguely discerning in the dull blots and splotches something that seemed like a dim caricature of trees and foliage. But, oh! how disappointing it all was! How bare, how cold, how lifeless, how dismal! All the light came from a row of gas jets on the top of what looked like an overgrown music-stand, from which a long rubber pipe trailed off into the darkness. Beyond this line of light they saw a gloomy cavern with rows of empty seats, the backs of which were staring at them in an unfriendly way.

It did not seem possible that they had sat in just such seats and gazed, enraptured, on scenes of glowing color and graceful form. They both felt for the moment as if they had been cheated out of every dollar they had ever paid for going to theatres.

Next Week

Part III THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Illustrated by W. E. Hill



COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry Champagne

It's not just the "pop" of the cork but what's back of the cork—life. It's not just the bubbles but what's in each of them—bouquet. It's not just that it's champagne but that it is delicious Cook's—the real flavor of the soul of the grape.

Sold everywhere—
Served everywhere

AMERICAN WINE CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

23-D



MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY

CASCADE quality is founded on grain quality—distilled to preserve and bring out the best of that quality—purified to isolate that quality—and aged to mellow it into smooth richness.

Original Bottling
New Old Gold Label
GEO. A. DICKEL & CO.
Distillers Knoxville, Tenn., U.S.A.

PATENTS

Secured or Fee Returned
Actual search and report
as to patentability free.
Send sketch or model. 1916
Edition, 96-page patent book free. Write for it. Personal
and prompt service. My patent sales service gets full value
for my clients.

GEORGE F. KINNEL, 233 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA!

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 166, Washington, D. C.

Proper Time

"What do you think of this extra hour of daylight scheme?"

"Fine if they put it in between two and three in the morning, when a fellow has the greatest difficulty in finding the key-hole."



WIFE (2 a.m.): "John, there's a burglar downstairs!"

POLITICAL CANDIDATE: "Go down, and entertain him. To-morrow's election!"

John Blevins was the most bashful lad in a Kansas village. For three years he had been keeping company with Sallie Jaimes, but he could not bring his courage up to the popping point. One Sunday night, as John was leaving the front yard of his enamorita he encountered the old man, who had begun to chafe under the diffidence of his daughter's sweetheart.

"Look-ee here, John," exclaimed paterfamilias, "You have been coming to see my daughter for several years now, and I want to know what your intentions are."

"W-w-well, s-s-sir," stammered John, "I am aiming t-to m-marry her."

"Aiming!" snorted the old man, "well, don't you think it about time that you fired?"



THE PARLOR MAID: "Merciful heavens, but the missus is getting particular!"

THE COOK: "What's up now?"

THE PARLOR MAID: "Why this morning she says to me: 'Clara, don't let the sun get in the parlor. It might fade the gold-fish.'"

The Bunner Books



MORE SHORT SIXES

Bound in brown buckram, gold stamped, 230 pages, 5 x 7½ inches, illustrated by C. J. Taylor, with autograph silhouette of Mr. Bunner.



THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Cloth-bound stamped in gold and silver, 175 pages, 5 x 7½ inches, illustrated by C. J. Taylor, with autograph portrait of Mr. Bunner.

THE stories contained in these volumes have become celebrated through years of telling and re-telling in the homes of laughter-loving Americans. For solid, substantial fun-making they have few equals in any language, and as long as American humor exists you will find these stories by Henry C. Bunner in high favor among those who know and appreciate the better quality of lighter reading. Some of the famous stories contained in these books are:

<i>The Cumbersome Horse</i>	<i>Early Stages of the Bloomer Fever</i>
<i>Mr. Vincent Egg & the Wage of Sin</i>	<i>A Water-Color House</i>
<i>The Man with the Pink Pants</i>	<i>The Time Table Test</i>
<i>The Ghoolah</i>	<i>Mr. Chedby on a Regular Nuisance</i>
<i>Samantha Boom-de-ay</i>	<i>The Suburbanite and His Golf</i>
<i>My Dear Mrs. Billington</i>	<i>The Suburban Dog</i>
	<i>The Evolution of the Suburbanite</i>

These books are printed from large, clear type, with wide margins. They are well-made, substantially and attractively bound, and make a pleasing addition to any library. They are illustrated by artists who have made Puck a power in the humorous periodical field for nearly forty years.

If your Bookseller cannot supply these titles, send \$1.00 by check, money-order or currency, and the desired volume will be forwarded postpaid. Both volumes to the same address, \$1.90.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
210 Fifth Avenue, New York

Ruck

Nature Acts Quickly to Protect the Skin

In giving X-Ray treatments physicians do not administer the full standard dose until the skin has bronzed by the milder rays.

Nature acts quickly to throw over the skin a brown pigment of protection against the burning of tissues.

The rays of light that decompose tissue also decompose the protein (albumin) in beer, causing a skunky taste, but not in Schlitz.

The Brown Bottle Protects Schlitz

That's why it tastes so good. Its nutritive value is unimpaired.

Drink

Schlitz

Order a Case Today

*See that crown is
branded "Schlitz"*

115-Mag.

in Brown
Bottles

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

PALMOLIVE

Shaving Soap-

This new member of the famous Palmolive Family—introduced but a few months ago—is fast gaining popularity all over the country. Out of the millions who use Palmolive Soap are many men who have longed for a palm and olive oil shaving soap.

This desire is now being satisfied through the nation-wide introduction of Palmolive Shaving Soap. As fast as it is known, it is appreciated and adopted, especially by men with tender faces—simply because it has numerous superiorities.



Try it this way:

Wet the face with warm water. Remove cap from container and rub the exposed end of the soap over the face. Replace cap and put soap away—you are through with it. Now work up the soft lather with your brush, rub it in if you like, and you are ready for the razor.



When you have finished shaving, you will immediately feel the soothing after-effect. The skin does not feel raw and uncomfortable. The oils have done their work. Men who are using Palmolive Shaving Stick realize that this is an important advantage, particularly those who have had to use lotions after shaving. Try a Palmolive shave yourself and know what a pleasure it is.

10 Reasons Why Men Prefer Palmolive Shaving Stick

The Soap Has These Advantages:

1. It is made of high-grade palm and olive oils—an adaptation of Palmolive Soap, nationally successful. These oils give Palmolive Shaving Soap its wholesome green color.
2. *There is no pull with Palmolive.* The lather is soft and abundant and has unusual lasting qualities, remaining firm and moist on the face, so that the beard is softened properly.
3. This shaving soap is absolutely neutral, containing no free alkali to irritate or make the face sore after shaving.
4. The faint, refreshing Oriental perfume is delightful. There is no reminiscent odor when you are through shaving.
5. The palm and olive oils are soothing to the skin, so that when you have finished shaving, ointments are unnecessary.

The New Holder Has These Advantages:

1. It is made of pure, non-corrosive aluminum. Its shape is oval, making it easier to handle and pack.
2. A turn of the screw and the soap comes through, as you need it. None is exposed, except that actually needed.
3. The soap is never touched by the hands or foreign substances, thus keeping it germ-free.
4. There's no soggy, unsanitary paper, no troublesome tin-foil. A beveled edge at the top of the holder guards the soap completely, keeping it dry and sanitary.
5. The soap remains in perfect condition to the last and can be used to paper thinness. So there is not the slightest waste.

If your dealer has not yet secured his supply of Palmolive Shaving Soap, write us, enclosing twenty-five cents, and we will send you a full size package in the wonderful aluminum holder; also free samples of Palmolive Soap, Palmolive Cream and Palmolive Shampoo.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY, INC., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Canadian Factory: 155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.